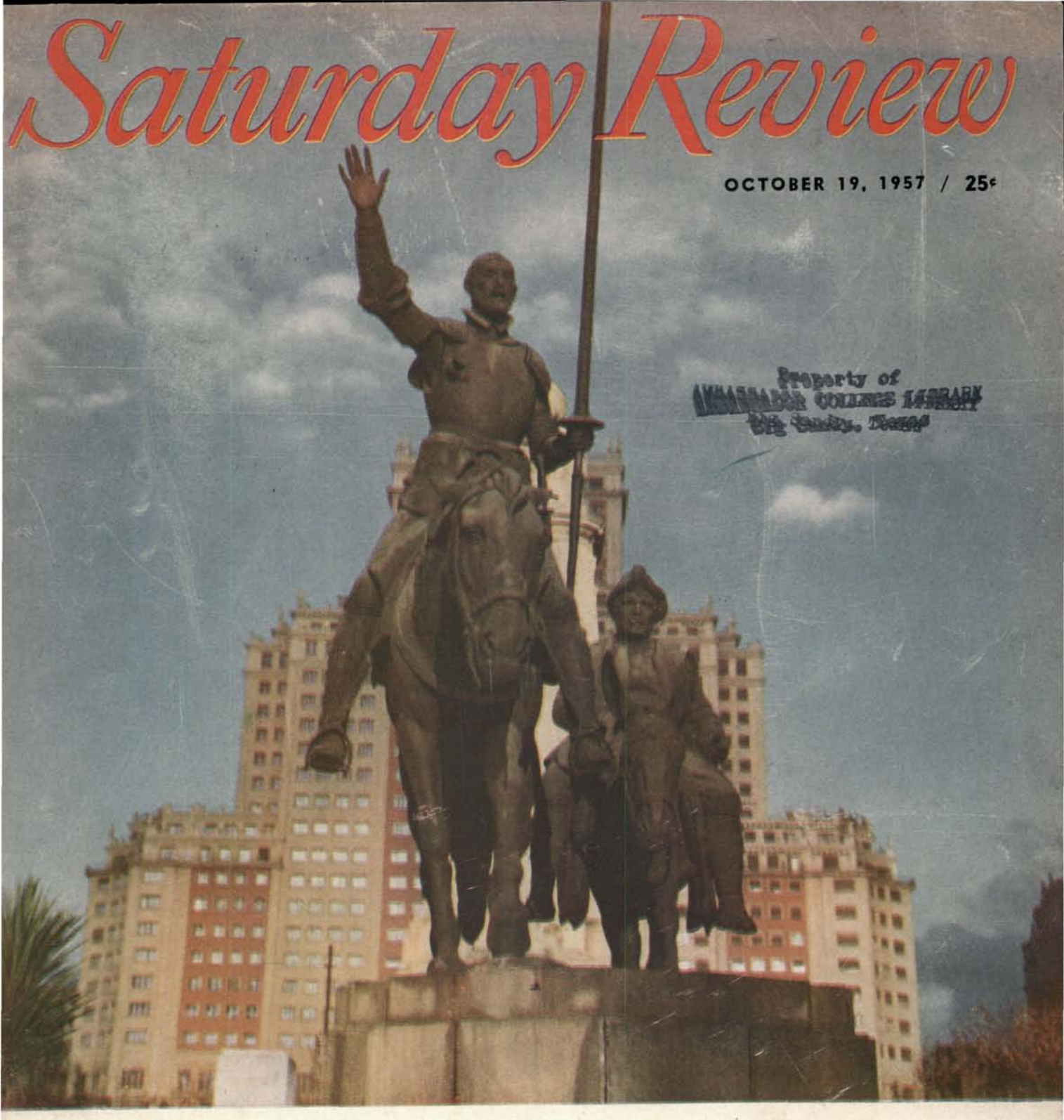
Saturday Review

OCTOBER 19, 1957 / 25¢



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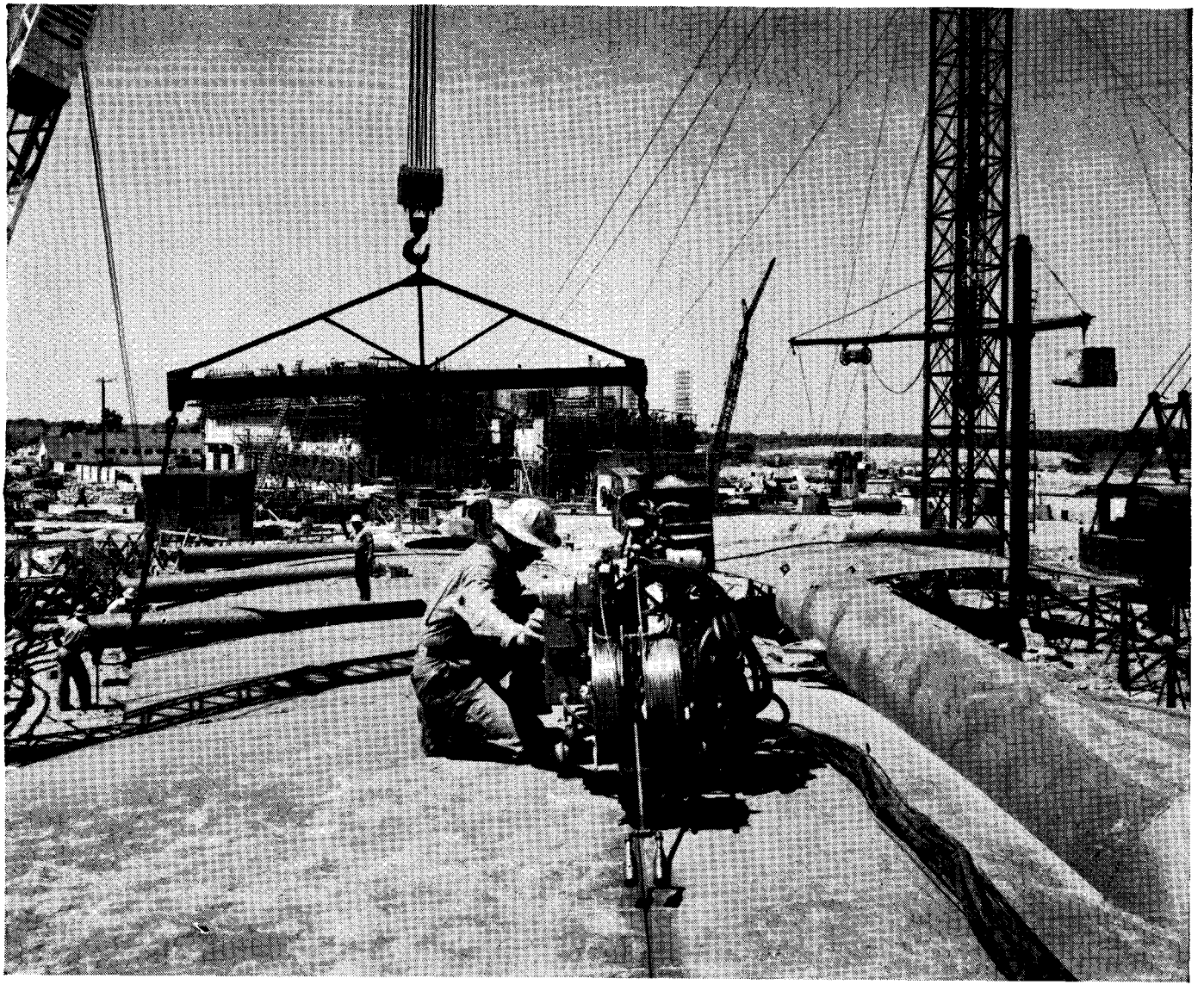

Workmen weld the giant reactor container (foreground) and construct the power building (background) at the Dresden, Ill., atomic-electric plant, a project of Commonwealth Edison Company, 6 other electric companies and their equipment makers.

New power plants to produce electricity

These photographs show various stages in the development of some of the exciting new atomic-electric power plant projects.

These three, and others like them, are being developed by a number of independent electric light and power companies and their equipment manufacturers, and with the cooperation of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission.

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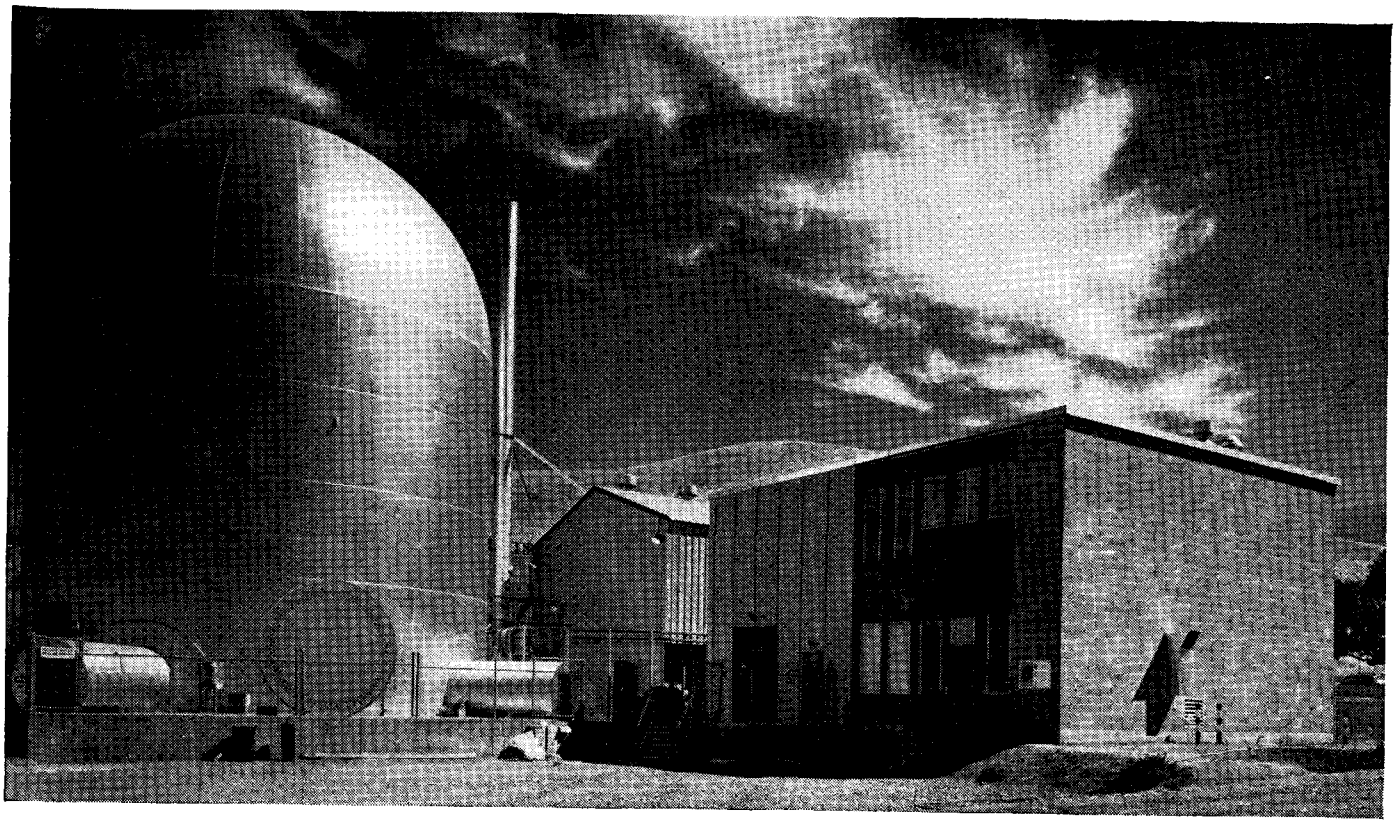
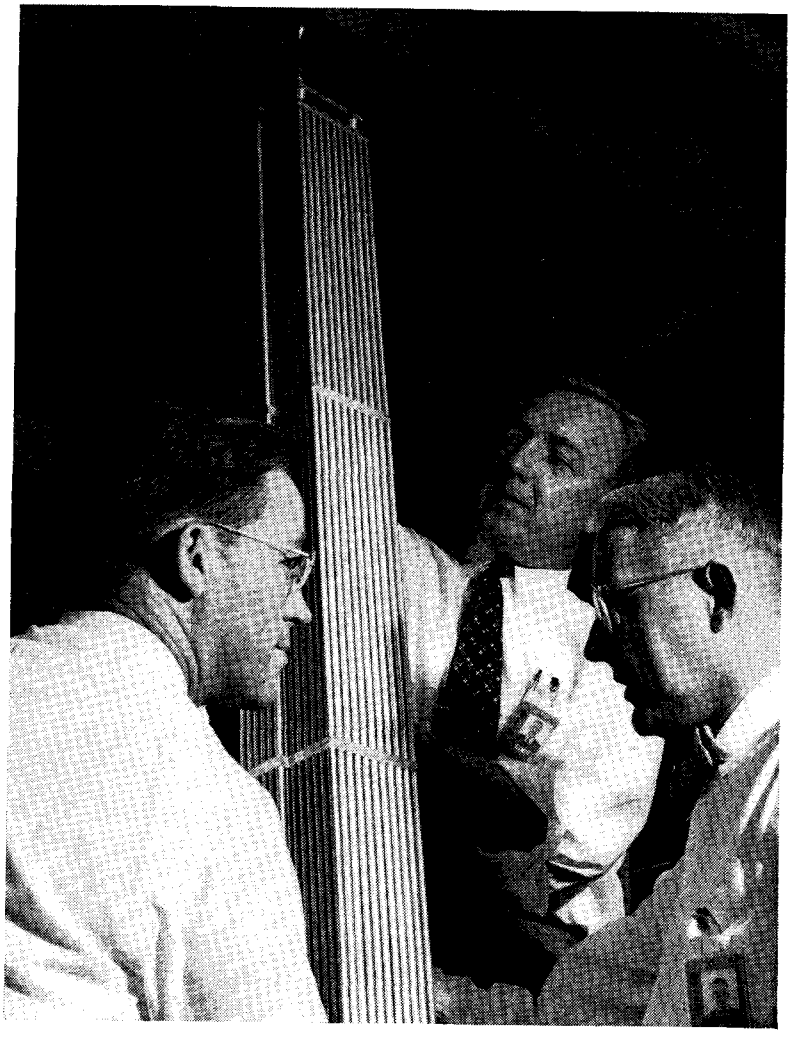


The new atomic reactor (left) and electric generator building (right) at a developmental atomic-electric plant near Pleasanton, Calif. The reactor was built by the General Electric Company; the power plant by the Pacific Gas & Electric Company.



from the atom

Engineers inspect a complicated atomic fuel assembly — the kind being built for the Yankee Atomic Electric plant at Rowe, Mass. Twelve New England electric companies, a number of equipment makers and the AEC are working together on this project.

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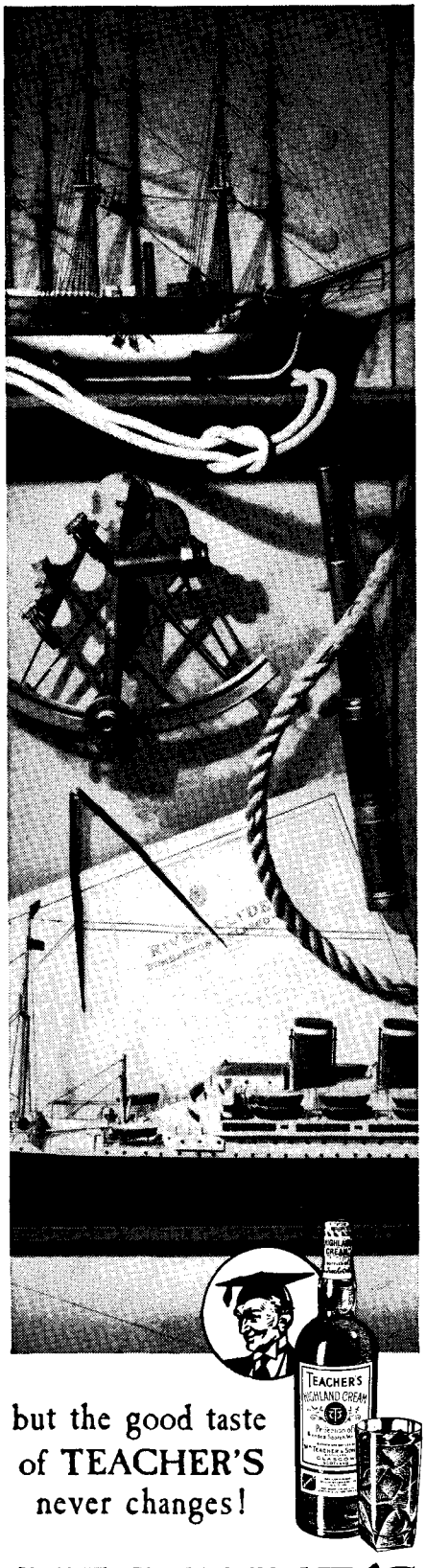

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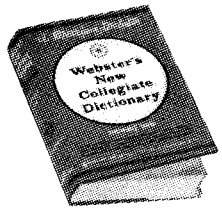

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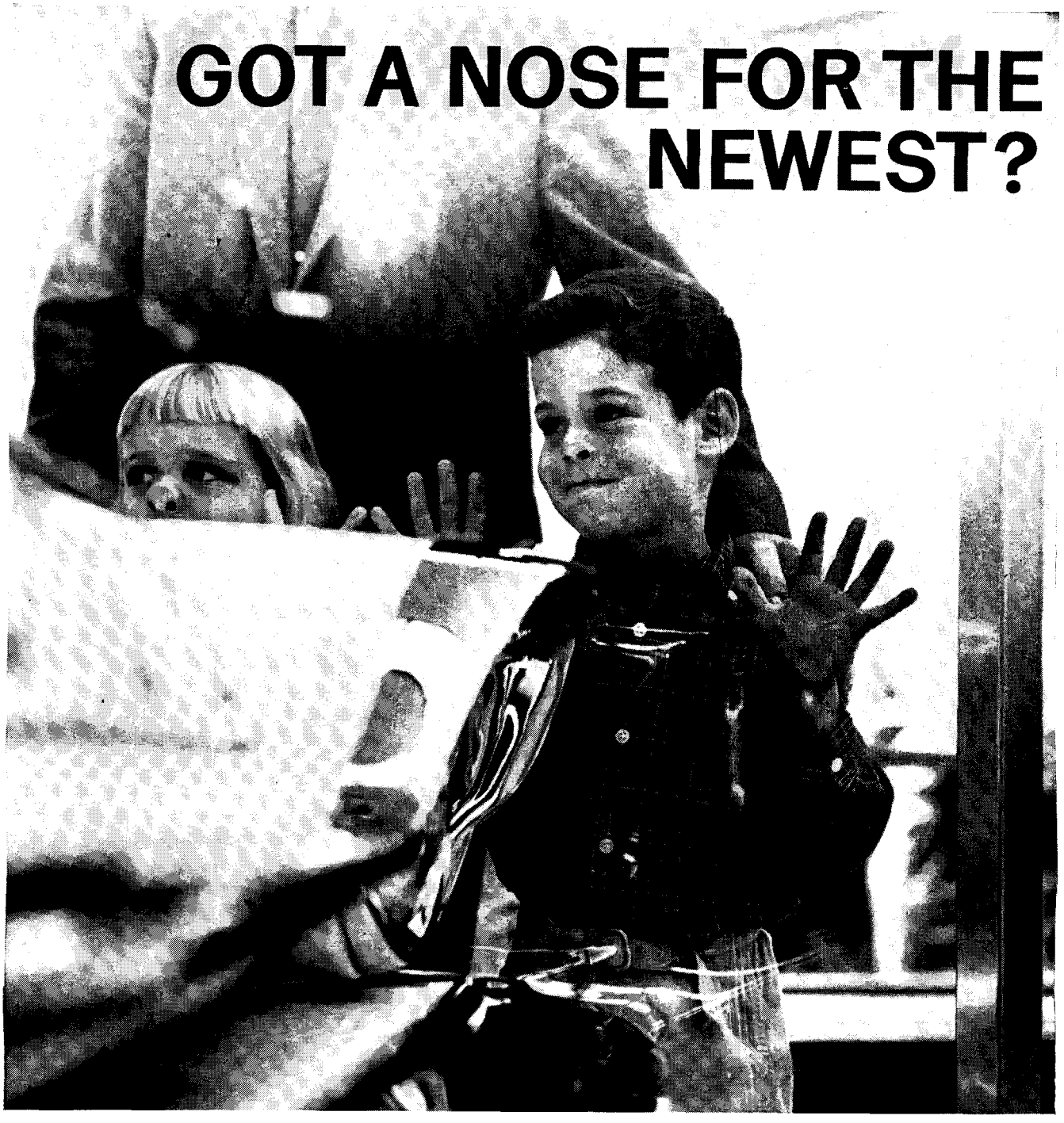

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THE HOUSE OF HARPER has welcomed to its Editorial Rooms more impressive literary names than Bartlett has quotations. Stab blindly at the Harper list and you'll come up with names like Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, George Eliot, Anthony Trollope, Thomas Carlyle, Disraeli, Meredith, Hardy, the Brontes, Gladstone, Macaulay, Tennyson, Melville, James, and a gentleman by the name of Mark Twain.

In a more modern vein: Robert Benchley, Jim Bishop, Chester Bowles, Louis Bromfield, Alexis Carrel, John Gunther, Aldous Huxley, Andre Maurois, Emily Kimbrough, Eleanor Roosevelt, James Thurber, Stuart Chase, Storm Jameson, E. B. White, Thomas Wolfe, Henry Van Dyke—the list goes on.

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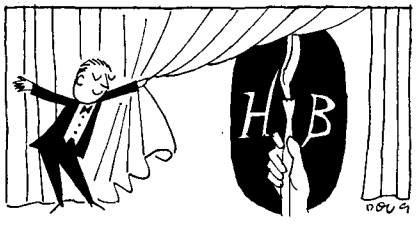
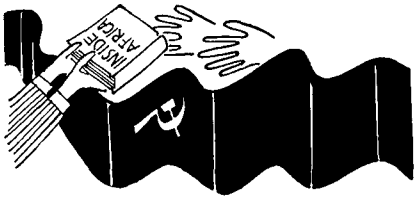
OCCASIONALLY, the impressive literary atmosphere of the house is broken



by a delightful contrast. Just recently a letter found its way into the Harper mail bags; it came from Czechoslovakia and it was addressed to John Gunther:

Honorably Master!

I come to know from our czechoslowaque radio of new edition of Your book: "Africa, who is." That book raised a great interest in U.S. and in all readerworld. I am one of your innumberables readers. A readed Your two books



"Europe, who is" and "Asia, who is." I should be glad when i could have this Your new book, which by us no is edited.

Because of i turn to You in this way direct, when You canned me ascernain this book in the english original. The expenditure and the sendprice You can draw by postway.

I am glad of the speedy sending of this your work, and i am in the profound honor. . . .

It seems clear that the bolts behind the Iron Curtain are already beginning to loosen.

. .

THE ATMOSPHERE of the House of Harper is a yeasty blend of staunch tradition and alert modernism. Its present quarters have stood on Manhattan's East 33rd Street since 1923—although the house itself goes back to 1833 when four Harper brothers joined hands to turn their printer's ink into publisher's blood. One of the brothers, James, took time out a little later to become the Mayor of New York City in 1844, when the city was fighting a machine which would make Dave Beck and James Hoffa look like choirboys. In his one-year term, James Harper was able to achieve some major reforms.

The current feast of paperbacks seems a little like a leftover casserole to Harper. From 1843 to 1880 they brought out over 500 volumes at 25¢ each, lacking only the sex-in-four-color motif of the drugstore racks today.

WE HAD THE opportunity to join Harper author Storm Jameson and her husband at lunch with publicity director Stuart Harris and editor Elizabeth Lawrence. The latter claims, with a

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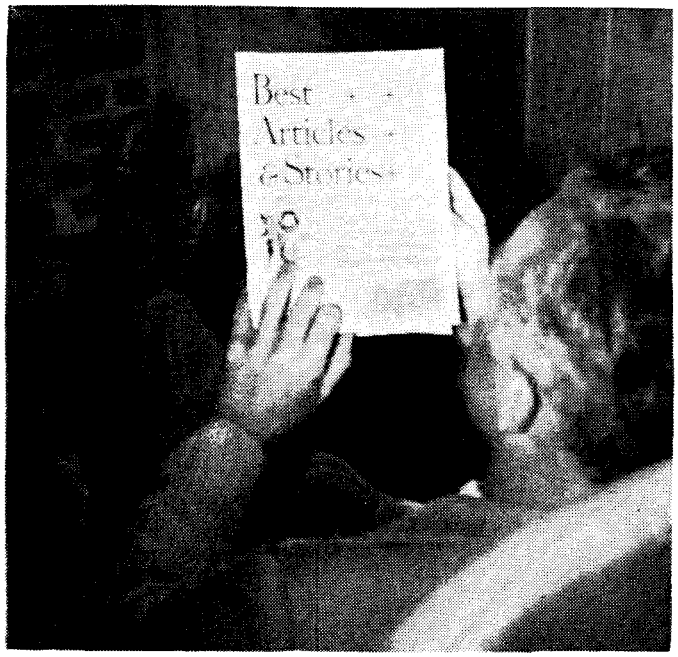

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****What They Say**

Seldom have those who best know literary quality — the editors of our leading journals of thought and opinion — given a new magazine idea the acclaim they have rendered **Best Articles and Stories.** "It will be a great boon to all of us who can neither obtain nor afford the multitudinous magazines published," writes Dean S. A. Nock of Cedar Crest College, distinguished editor of **College and University.** "And it will certainly be a means of making generally available some of the best thinking of the day."

Richard W. Westwood, veteran editor of **Nature,** applauds the new magazine's "literate objective." Carl E. Lindstrom, publisher of the trenchant **American Editor,** is "convinced of the need." Mrs. Margaret D. Dawson, editor of **Child Study,** is "strongly for it." Mrs. Dorothy H. Pope, editor of the **Journal of Parapsychology,** finds it "a fine idea. Worthwhile literary and scientific work deserves a wider audience."

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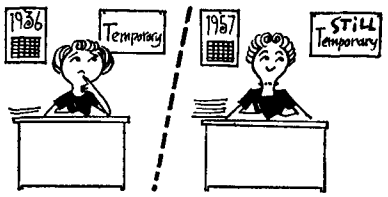
twinkle in her eye, that she is on shaky ground at Harper. She was taken on as a temporary parttime reader for the Harper Prize Novel



Contest twenty-one years ago and has not yet been officially notified that she has been put on a permanent basis.

Storm Jameson, fresh from completing new Book-of-the-Month Club selection (November) "A Cup of Tea for Mr. Thorgill" in her native England, was in the process of getting settled at Princeton where her husband, Guy Chapman, is spending a semester at the Institute for Advanced Study, concentrating on modern French history.

"He knows more about French history," said Miss Jameson proudly, "than almost any other scholar in the world."

Miss Jameson works a strong nine-hour day, painstakingly writing the first draft in longhand. She invariably does three drafts of each novel, invariably retypes both the second and third drafts completely herself.

We asked Miss Jameson about her principal reactions to the American scene—first, what she liked best about America.

"Its vitality," she said decisively. "Its sense of unbounded energy and

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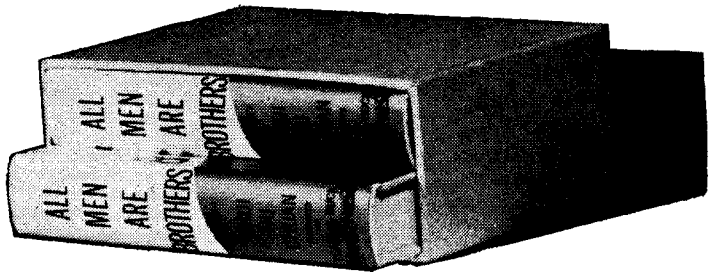

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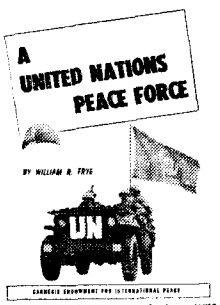
A UNITED NATIONS PEACE FORCE

by William R. Frye



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growth. You can't find it anywhere else in the world."

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JOAN KAHN IS THE HARPER editor who specializes in mystery-suspense books. We found her at her desk, torn between a retouched and a natural picture of an author to use on a book jacket.

"Decisions, decisions," she was muttering, as she offered us our choice of a Turkish, Scottish, Egyptian, or Italian cigarette. The supply had just come over from a friend in the U.N., and the office was steeped in the aroma of exotic tobacco.

"I like mysteries better than any other novel form," she told us. "By that I mean suspense novels. The whodunits are getting few and far between—but a good novel of suspense, developing from real character and disciplined structure—you can't beat them."

She had been instrumental in developing the book Charles Van Doren and Ralph J. Roske created, "Lincoln Commando."

"The manuscript came in cold from Roske, who was an assistant professor of history on the West Coast," she told us. "We felt it needed extra work, and Charley Van Doren agreed to help out. One day Charley announced that he was going on a quiz show, and that it might help publicize the book a little. And to show you what a brilliant prophet I am—do you know

what I told him? I said, 'That's the silliest idea I ever heard of, Charley!' The rest is history."

To this date Van Doren and Roske have never seen each other—except, of course, the images that Roske has watched as Charles Van Doren climbed up the ladder to his tax-riddled jackpot.

MIKE BESSIE, General Editor for Harper, works closely with Managing Editor Evan Thomas to turn out a balanced list of both fiction and non-fiction. Both are young, alert, and above all vital.

"We turn out about 100 trade books a year," said Bessie. "Naturally, we try to get as much power into our selections as possible. But we like to think that we combine stature and

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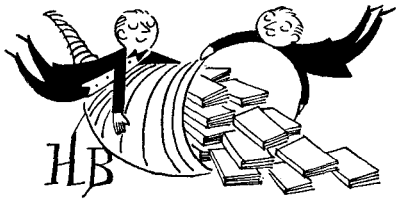
quality along with popular appeal. If you take a book like John Cheever's 'The Wapshot Chronicle', I think you have a perfect example of what I mean. Cheever is one of the keenest, most intelligent writers on the Ameri-



can scene today—and he's been able to write in such a way that a large audience will read him. We're proud and pleased with the books we turn out like this, because they hit our editorial aims on the head, and this is far from an easy job to do."

On Mike Bessie's desk were the galleys to Dick Maney's new portrait of the Broadway scene, "Fanfare" (October 28). Maney is perhaps the true dean of all Broadway press agents, a man with a fantastically fertile mind, and a great capacity to speak it. His book is filled with the stories and anecdotes which make the Broadway stage so constantly explosive.

"Here's a letter which just came in about Maney's book from Herman Shumlin," said Bessie, as he showed it to us. Shumlin is noted on Broadway as being the most dour, pessimistic, and unsmiling personality in the community, and Maney of course comments on this in the book.

". . . brings the Broadway scene alive on every page," writes Shumlin in his letter. "But it's too bad Maney fails to discern my own sunny nature."

THE HARPER'S JUVENILE list, begun in 1926, has many winning titles. In fact, one of them evoked a comment from a young lady from New York with the literary name of Emily Dickinson Blacker. She is exactly seven years old and recently she slammed shut the book, "Little Bear," with this comment:

"It's the best book I've read in ten years!" —JOHN G. FULLER.

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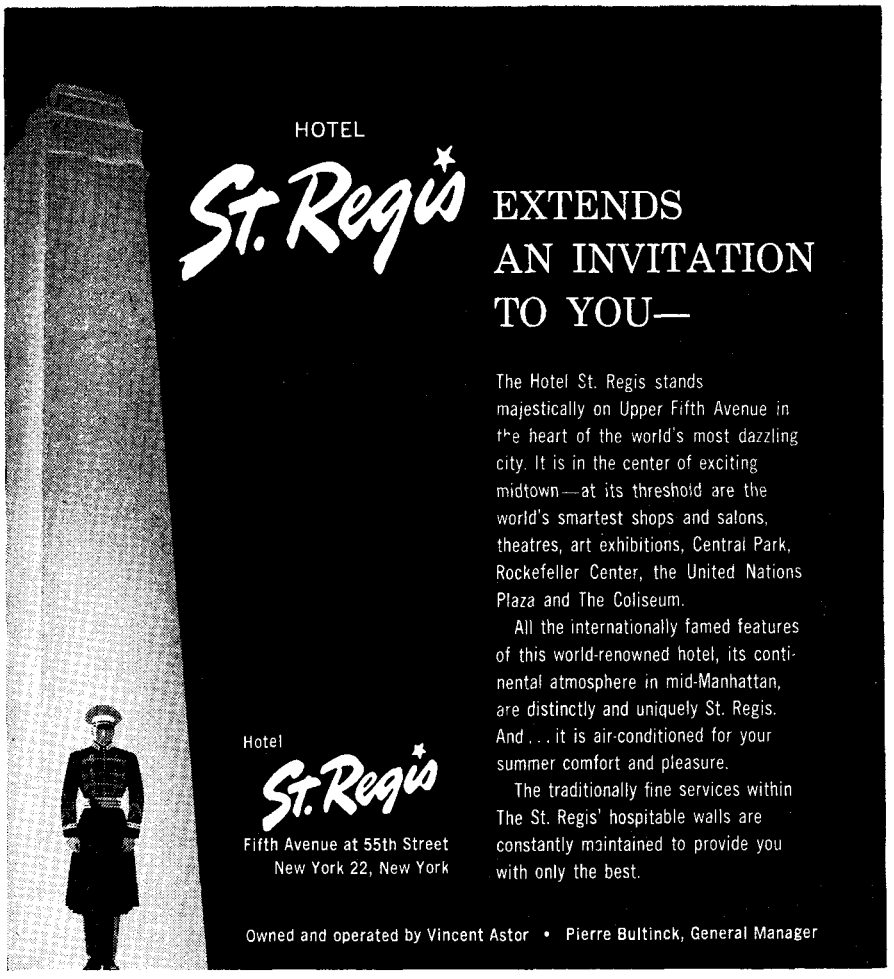
It was as though Chatham had drunk from the deeply walled and guarded wells of ancient wisdom and artfulness, and Adams had drunk from some wild bubbling fountain of truth, springing uncontained in the deep forest.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The Saturday Review
OCTOBER 19, 1957

A DEBATE ON MODERN POETRY

1. The Poets Fail in Their Duty

By LORD DUNSANY

WHAT is "modern verse"? Some have said that the writers of it are the greatest since Shakespeare; others feel that Shakespeare is rather out of date. It would be wrong to hamper the hopes of younger men by laying it down that no progress beyond Shakespeare was possible, but it is certainly wrong to mistake mere change for progress and to confuse growth with decay. What then is "modern verse"?

If it be growth we ought not to miss it; if it be decay we should clear it up as soon as possible. It is clearly beyond our intellects, for I have on occasion read to assemblies selections from two writers of "modern verse," and one selection of twelve lines from the first lines of an index, and one piece of deliberate nonsense written by myself, and told them that they could not tell which was which. Nor could they. For the acceptance of any nonsense as being something far superior to all that the nations have treasured has gone so far that no one dares reject any of it, for fear of being thought too unintellectual to understand what, for ought anybody can tell, might be a very profound message. Now, whether it is time and past time that "modern verse" should be cleared out of the way and we should return to poetry, this fear should certainly be cleared away, so that readers may freely use their judgments and find for themselves what the profound message is, if there be any message, or see for themselves that nothing is there. I will quote no names, for I am attacking nobody, but only trying to do my share to stop an intellectual rot resulting from the acceptance of vague and muddled lines that have deserted meter in order to say something that might have a meaning, if only we were a little cleverer and able to find it out; and to restore the melody of meter to the honored place it has held for over 3,000 years. Lines like the following have been accepted for too long:—

> Bitter and green an octagonal sun
> Freezes my kidneys with its insistent rays.

Why are meter and rhyme discarded here? Is it because the message is of such importance that meter is a mere trifle compared with it? And what is the message? On the face of it it is nonsense. But then the answer to that is that it is symbolic. And not to accept that is to show ignorance of the importance of symbolism, an ignorance that many people hesitate to exhibit. And symbolic of what? But even to ask that is to risk showing ignorance too; and it is seldom asked. There is no beauty there: what then about truth? Is the sun green? Is it octagonal? Does it freeze? Such questions, if ever asked, are dismissed with the retort that the questioner is being too literal, and, again, that it is symbolic. But the real reason why the sun has been so described is the quest for originality. Others have called the sun golden and round and hot, and these must be contemptuously surpassed, and so descriptions are sought that no one has ever applied to the sun before. They can always be supported by articles in weekly or monthly papers, written in abstruse language and helping on the muddle that is already there in the poem. It can be pointed out that, after gazing awhile at the sun, green discs appear before closed eyes, and that the poet, gazing longer and more truly, sees the essential greenness of the sun more clearly than any other. As for its being octagonal, the relationship of an octagon to a circle can be written about in such a way as to confuse, if it cannot quite convince; and if April is a cruel month, as it has been called in modern verse, surely the sun can be bitter and even can freeze. Why the kidneys? Earlier poets would have written of their souls, but souls are démodés, and

---

FURTHER READING: *Readers may wish to explore further the long, complex controversy about modern poetry, its supposed obscurity, its eccentricity, its decadence or virtue. Here are four recommended studies:*

POETRY IN OUR TIME (1956). *By Babette Deutsch. Columbia University Press.* $5. A well-rounded introduction to the modern temper in poetry and to the techniques of expression it has developed.

MODERN POETRY AND THE TRADITION (1939). *By Cleanth Brooks. University of North Carolina.* $3.75. Best described by its own title. An evaluation of modern poetry in its place in the stream of the great tradition.

UNDERSTANDING POETRY (1950). *By Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren. Holt.* Complete edition $5.75, paper $4.25. The best introduction to the techniques of poetry.

POETRY HANDBOOK (1957). *By Babette Deutsch. Funk and Wagnalls.* $3.50. A concise ready reference dictionary. Good for quick clarification of terms. Does not attempt anything as ambitious as Brooks and Warren.

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there is an intestinal trend in modern verse; not only because intestines are new to poetry, and so smack of originality, but because mention of them shows courage and a sense of liberty in breaking away from inhibitions by which Victorian and earlier poets were tamely content to be bound.

I DO NOT think that modern verse originated in deliberate imposture. I think that men with no sense of rhythm and yet ambitious for the fame of a poet wrote their genuine emotions, but poured them out without the clarity that is necessary for their understanding, and when because of the fear I have mentioned already they found that they were accepted, they poured out anything that their pens would write, much as a lady might play with a ouija-board. And both the writing and reading of these things were facilitated by some slightly difficult lines of Browning or Chaucer, which because some readers missed their meaning must have given rise to the deadly heresy that poetry should not be expected actually to mean anything. I think a poet has a 90 per cent duty to make himself clear, and a reader a 10 per cent duty to understand him, but not more than that, for poetry is not a mathematical problem, or a puzzle, or something to be decoded. A poet should write for all people, as anyone with a message should make it clear to all, and the greatest are the simplest, and anyone missing the meaning in any story of Homer could go out on to any farm and enquire the meaning of any laborer there, if he told him the story in English and robbed of its gorgeous hexameters.

Who, for instance could miss this? Odysseus has come to a harbor, where his fame has preceded him, and the king of the little country sends down a herald to invite the famous soldier to a banquet. And Odysseus goes, and at the banquet a herald, or as we should say an after-dinner speaker, talks of his great achievements, how he overthrew the Trojans and burned their towers and killed Priam's sons: and then the speaker sees that Odysseus is quietly weeping, and with a few more words he brings his speech to an end. That is very unlike modern verse. And in addition to the humanity of which it is made, it is all lit up by its meter, which Tennyson described as the lordliest ever molded by the lips of man. But the writers of "modern verse" have thrown meter contemptuously away, with no more tribute to it than to retain the name of verse. In the same way, when the aristocracy of France was overthrown those who had destroyed it wore the gorgeous clothes of the men they had

(*Continued on page* 61)

2. *The Poet's Duty to Poetry*

By JOHN CIARDI

NOTHING is easier on a certain journalistic and platform level than to make an art-form appear ridiculous to those who know little or nothing about it. The larger the audience, the lower the brow, and the readier the prejudice against whatever is presented as arty, highbrow, and newfangled.

Maggie and Jiggs have been working this routine for years. Maggie's obvious pretensions to "cultcha" and Jiggs's manly-redblooded-American preference for Dinty, poker, and corned-beef-and-cabbage have combined to prove over and over to the illiterate that opera is a highbrow fraud, and that all opera-goers are queer and probably unAmerican. Still on the comic-strip level, one of the standard gags of syndicated humor turns on the picture that wins first prize at the modern art show. Variant one: the picture was really hung upside down. Variant two: the judges made a mistake and awarded first prize not to a painting but to the palette. Variant three: red-blooded boy-friend proves arty boy-friend is a fraud—he squirts paint at random and is awarded first prize by enthusiastic judges. And so on—all of it howlingly funny provided that one is sufficiently ignorant and sufficiently proud of that fact.

Some distance up the scale the devices become less crude but the basic suspicion of everything newfangled remains. Whitman was fired from his government job for writing indecencies. A London reviewer of the first performance there of "La Traviata" pontificated that the work would never find a place in the repertoire and that the principal aria, "Caro Nome," was nothing but a series of "languid yawns." Cezanne was damned, van Gogh was told he could not paint, and for more than fifty years the Prix de Paris went to painters on the level of this Rockwell-whatever-his-name-is person who does kute-kuvvers for *The Saturday Evening Post.* It is old hat Dunsany is talking through, but his seniority, his early accomplishments, the aura of his association with great names of another age, and his hammer-and-tongs mastery of every device of illogic tend to give his charges a spurious air of authority.

Consider as an exercise in logic Dunsany's opening propositions. "What is 'modern verse'?" he asks. Then with the air of a man sampling sound and representative opinion he says, "Some have called the writers of it the greatest since Shakespeare." I don't know who "some" is and I suspect that if Dunsany made bold to identify this shadow-man it would turn out that Mr. Some had been invented for the purpose of the present argument, that he was a non-

EDWARD JOHN MORETON DRAX PLUNKETT, 18TH BARON DUNSANY *(title created in 1439) has for forty years been one of the most prolific authors in the English language: plays, novels, studies, polemics stream by the dozens from his pen. A soldier in the Boer and First World Wars, Dunsany marshals hot opinions into innumerable controversies with a tireless military zeal.*

—*Vasari.*

JOHN CIARDI *published his first volume of verse, "Homeward to America," when he was twenty-four. Since then he has won many prizes for his work; his latest recognition being election to the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Ciardi's own soldierly spirit was displayed last year in his sustained attack on what he calls "The Genteel Tradition" in poetry.*

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entity, or that his original remark was distorted.

"Some" is then assisted in describing the true state of affairs by "others." "Others," we are told, think Shakespeare "rather out of date." Now it may be that Dunsany has a specific point in mind, but if one is discussing in order to clarify ideas, rather than arguing to win a point by confusing ideas, these methods of argumentation are generally held to be intellectually dishonest if used intentionally, or signs of ignorance if used unknowingly. For Dunsany is not presenting and evaluating an idea. He is, rather, presenting the class in logic with a fine example of that fallacy labeled *ignoratio elenchi;* and, within that category, of the more specific offense commonly known as the "straw-man argument." The fallacy is quite simple. The hidden premise is that "Some" and "Others" in the course of their obviously stupid assertions are truly representative of "all this modern stuff." So, instead of describing fairly that which he seeks not to investigate but to demolish, Dunsany attacks a straw-man.

Following this fine round job of flailing the dummy, Dunsany delivers what seems to be offered as a telling proof that "modern verse" is not distinguishable from gibberish. He tells us that audiences he has himself addressed were unable to distinguish between "modern verse" (of his selection) and certain prepared frauds he read in the same presentation. "It," he says (and what a very gorgeous "It" this "It" is: the true and final "It" long whispered as the password by which "Some" are able to identify "Others"; the golden "It" beyond meaning, occasion, or semantic referent)—"It," says Dunsany, "is clearly beyond our intellects, for I have on several occasions read to intelligent assemblies selections from two writers of 'modern verse,' and one selection of twelve lines from the first lines of an index, and one piece of deliberate nonsense written by myself, and told them they could not tell which was which. Nor could they." No indeed not.

I leave to any interested bystanders the working out of the chain of syllogisms beginning, "Any two selections which an audience I describe as intelligent cannot distinguish from nonsense clearly prove that all modern verse is beyond your intellect and mine. . . ."

Let me instead of pursuing this lovely specimen of murdered reason make Dunsany a counter-offer. He is a man of the theatre who knows very well that anyone who knows his way around a platform can do anything with an audience, especially if he confines himself to confirming minor prejudices. I am myself an old spiel-man. I will undertake for any good fat fee to address any unpacked audience of non-specialists and to persuade it either for or against modern poetry on demand. All I ask is that the audience sit still for fifty minutes. I would reserve one difference, however. When I set out to work an experimental swindle I will know that I am swindling, and I will not swindle myself into believing my own spiel.

Dunsany goes on with two other devices of standard illogic. The first is the unspecified-charge-in-all-directions. The second is the "excerpt-lifter" with which he supports this general charge. He attacks no one, but he holds it to be absurd that someone (not, of course, T. S. Eliot) called April a "cruel month." The misquotation is Dunsany's. I like to describe this sort of argument to the untrained young who pass through my classrooms as "buckshot marksmanship"—set off a big charge in a general direction and if so much as a single pellet hits the edge of a single truth or half-truth, stand up and claim a bull's-eye. For obviously there are some queer people and some queer theories proclaiming themselves to be "modern." It seems to me equally obvious on the basis of Dunsany's recent defenses of "clarity" that the eccentricity is not wholly on one side.

Dunsany is a sure hand with a loaded phrase. Here is what I take to be his put-up or shut-up order to the defenders of modern poetry: "If there is any message in all this modern stuff, let someone tell us what it is in clear language; but if it lies too deep for that, we may be reassured that it will do no good to us." For a vest-pocket anthology of word-traps one would have to look a long way for the equal of this one. We are told that we must find something called "message" in something called (obviously a dirty-name) "all this modern stuff." We are told moreover that it has to be stated in (noble phrase) "clear language" or—or what? —that the statement will be intellectually worthless. No, Dunsany caught himself before committing himself to that unsupportable conclusion. He will not claim that the answer will be false but that "it will do no good to us." Instead of "all this modern stuff" read the sentence substituting for example "all this Freudian stuff." In that case, it would be palpably dangerous to conclude "or admit that it is false," but a tricky debater might yet dodge out from under with "or it will do no good to us." To whom, sir? What do you mean by "message"? To whom must "clear" language be "clear"?

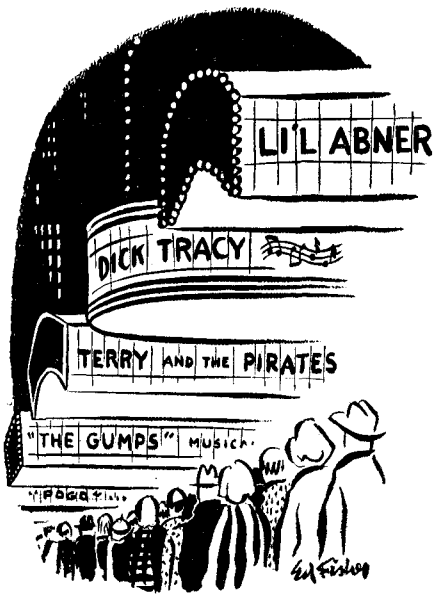
Dunsany is very emphatic in stating the necessity for clarity, but I do not find him truly concerned to recognize clarity when he meets it. Let me return to the "cruel month" and to T. S. Eliot. Dunsany not only misquotes this phrase from the opening lines of "The Waste Land"; he clearly implies that Eliot has written some sort of gibberish. He does so in two ways. First, he mentions these words as incidentally apt to his discussion of a ridiculous passage in which a bitter green octagonal sun is freezing somebody's kidney, and second, he implies that only a fool would think of calling April "cruel." His exact words are "and if April is a cruel month, as it has been called in modern verse, surely the sun can be bitter and can even freeze."

I am not concerned here to defend or attack "The Waste Land." My one concern is with the charge as made. Dunsany has expressed his interest in clarity in a general way and he has specifically cited this particular usage as both unclear and ridiculous. I shall attempt to show him in "clear language" that there is nothing ridiculous nor unclear about it. Here is the total passage. I quote it to remind Dunsany that poetry exists in its own context and that it is always fairer to keep it there.

April is the cruelest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.

If paraphrase will serve, I shall paraphrase this passage for Dunsany. First, however, he must remember that "The Waste Land" is a dramatic

(*Continued on page* 63)



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FICTION

Finished Symphony

Among the younger novelists who are writing of post-war Germany today, none has received more attention from the literary critics than has Heinrich Böll, the author of a newly published novel entitled ***"Tomorrow and Yesterday"*** *(Criterion Books. 250 pp. $4.50). This summer Professor Richard Plant of City College of New York visited Germany for the express purpose of studying that country's younger post-war writers. His review of Mr. Böll's new novel appears below.*

Böll—"bravura cadenzas."

By RICHARD PLANT

OF ALL the writers in Germany, only Heinrich Böll is capable of conjuring up the face of its slightly surrealist post-war landscape with such sensitivity, power, and compassion. In his new "Tomorrow and Yesterday," a work larger in scope than his previous two short novels ("Where Art Thou, Adam," and "Acquainted with the Night"), Böll has set up a number of interrelated musical themes and developed them into a firmly organized, full-length symphony. It is his most ambitious effort and, so it seems to this reviewer, it is a completely successful one.

Böll's success is the more surprising because one of his underlying themes is the breakdown of the ancient traditions, the essential anarchy of the lives of his protagonists: chaos, after all, is not the ideal topic for a solid symphonic structure. Fortunately, his plot proper carries not only enough weight and tension but all the implied undertones and meanings. By now his technique has matured to a point where he remains always in complete command of his material.

The plot of "Tomorrow and Yesterday" concerns two boys, Martin and Heinrich, born in 1942, who have known their fathers only as faded photos of soldiers on a wall. The boys feel insecure in the hectic world of half-rebuilt, half-destroyed cities, and even more insecure in the world of their weary, preoccupied young mothers. The mothers live with "uncles," often-changing uncles, and this is not quite right, but it can't be all wrong either, though one never knows and the neighbors sometimes whisper, "Immoral!"

Eleven-year-old Martin, the protagonist, is lucky: in his disorganized household there is one fixed point, Uncle Albert, his dead father's best friend. Uncle Albert is reliable, and if Martin does something wrong he is just sad, never angry. He acts almost like those real fathers of whom the boys in school are always talking. Only those fathers eat an egg for breakfast while Uncle Albert does not. But he is much nicer than Leo the streetcar conductor, the uncle of Martin's best friend Heinrich. Uncle Leo is nasty and mean, and beats his little daughter when nobody is around. Heinrich's mother, Frau Brielach, desperate for money to replace her decaying teeth, is so busy surviving that she forgets her son's loneliness. Martin's mother, Nella Bach, who is the widow of the famous poet who hated "the régime," has never accepted her husband's death. She leads a life of confusion and grief while her household goes to ruin.

THE other people in Martin's house are: Glum, the ex-concentration camp inmate who reads theology; Bolda, the ancient crone, scrubbing churches for relaxation; pious, tyrannical Grandmother who lives among the yellowed files of her husband's jam factory and terrorizes the household by nocturnal excursions. All these are set before us with that magic concreteness which only a born novelist commands. For once, Böll can give full reign to his penchant for the grotesque. Bolda, Grandma, Albert's Irish wife, Leen, and a few other peripheral characters seem to have stepped out of a 1957 "Great Expectations." Furthermore, Böll has granted himself a chance to present what one could call his bravura cadenzas. Like many writers he is particularly fond of certain set pieces, and this time he gives us a beautiful treat of decaying buildings, feverishly leaking roofs, and filthy black cellars where among the sprouting potatoes, toys are rotting in moldy boxes and the rats nibble away the unopened letters and the poems of Martin's dead but not-to-be forgotten father.

What will surprise those familiar with Böll's poignant portraits of decrepit houses and people is the mordant humor that explodes in a few chapters. He paints a devastating picture of the "Kultur" business in a newly prosperous country; yet at the same time, these satirical passages only counterpoint the tragedy of Nella Bach who has to watch her husband being sanctified by the very people who have killed him. That the grotesque and ironic elements do not damage the basic unity of the book's structure is due to Böll's use of the technique of *leit motifs:* throughout the novel certain phrases, some from the Bible, some from advertisements, are repeated over and over. They reappear, often in LARGE PRINT, as memories and mementoes, tying together the various strands of action. Böll, however, so it seems to us, has not escaped the pitfalls inherent in this method. The repetition becomes wearying, the ever-recurring *leit motifs* overgrow the characters and tend to blur their outlines. This is one reservation. My second reservation concerns a sudden emotional twist in the last chapter which seems a little out of character. The translation is excellent, though the publishers extend no credit line. Since we are carping at the publishers: it might be a good idea to print a "who is who" on the jacket, together with a short introduction to the households of Martin and Heinrich. One of the boys is named Bach, the other Brielach, and due to an abundance of *leit motifs* at the start, some readers may have trouble disentangling their identities.

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A LONE WOLF FROM RUSSIA

A little more than a year ago in a Soviet magazine called Novy Mir *installments of a novel with a non-Communist hero, entitled* **"Not By Bread Alone,"** *by Vladimir Dudintsev, began to appear. By Communist Party officials the novel was roundly excorciated. But for intellectuals in the Soviet Union who have long searched for an acceptable compromise between Soviet literary rigidity and artistic freedom, author Dudintsev's novel has become an important rallying point. This week the novel was published in the U.S. (translated by Dr. Edith Bone; E. P. Dutton, 512 pp. $4.95). Our reviewer is Ernest J. Simmons, of Columbia University's Russian Institute.*

By ERNEST J. SIMMONS

"WHOEVER has learned to think cannot be completely deprived of liberty," declares Lopatkin, the hero of "Not by Bread Alone," after his release from a term of hard labor in Siberia. This observation could appropriately be applied to many artists in the Soviet Union today, especially the young ones. One would have to return to the first years immediately following the 1917 Revolution to find anything comparable to the ferment that presently exists in Soviet intellectual and artistic circles. In those early years youthful revolutionary writers damned the smugness and banality of bourgeois literature; today Soviet writers condemn the varnished reality, the boring sameness in the plots of industrial and agricultural novels, and the absurdly perfect Communist heroes that appeared in literature during the Stalin regime. It is rather significant that young authors are now looking back to the Soviet literature of the pre-Stalin period for models and inspiration.

Several obvious factors have contributed to the development of this ferment—Stalin's death, Kruschchev's famous debunking speech at the Twentieth Party Congress, and particularly the sudden lessening of fear of administrative or government reprisals for speaking one's mind. A most important factor, however, has been the effect of the recent events in Poland and Hungary upon Soviet intellectuals and artists. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that over 1956 and much of 1957 Soviet writers have staged a courageous revolt against Party dictation in literature, and one of the major incitements has been Vladimir Dudintsev's "Not by Bread Alone" which began to appear serially in the summer of 1956.

It takes some knowledge of the grey stream of fatuous and futile fiction that poured from the presses in the severely regimented post-war period preceding Stalin's death to understand and appreciate the enthusiastic praise and national réclame that at first greeted the appearance of "Not by Bread Alone." For there is nothing original or daring about the basic theme—the efforts of an inventor to secure acceptance, despite bureaucratic red tape and chicanery, of the design of a machine for the centrifugal casting of drain pipes. Novels and plays on the trials and tribulations of inventors or innovating engineers and factory managers have long been a commonplace in the planned propaganda literature of the Soviet Union. The point is that Dudintsev, in the interests of realism and not Socialist realism, reverses the fictional formula generally regarded as acceptable by Party critics. Instead of a Communist hero who, with the aid of the collective, struggles to get his invention accepted in the face of the obstructions of a non-Party bureaucrat

—Der Stern, *Hamburg.*

Dudintsev—"challenges Soviet life."

THE AUTHOR: Vladimir Dudinstev, apart from a shock of wild brown hair, would attract no attention on Russia's streets. He is a mild, modest Slav, who looks about forty-five, though he's probably only in his late thirties. Twenty years ago, when Stalin unleashed a series of bloody purges, Dudinstev was a young Komsomol with a passionate dedication to the Soviet system. His avocation was writing, which he studied under Lev Kassil, a Russian Jew who conducted a literary seminar in Moscow for talented Komsomols.

His vocation was law, which he studied at Moscow's Institute of Jurisprudence. In 1940, Dudinstev received his law degree but Hitler intervened with his practice.

While serving in the Army, Dudinstev was wounded in the leg. Since he was unable to serve on the front any longer, he was transferred to Siberia to act as a military procurator. This position is comparable to a kind of provincial Judge Advocate in our Army, only Dudinstev—because of the peculiar nature of Soviet law—had authority to try and prosecute civilians. Lopatkin, the young inventor in Dudinstev's book, was tried by such a prosecutor.

Dudinstev at this time was always writing—or reading. He expressed a special fondness for Joyce and Proust. Toward the end of the war or shortly thereafter, he wrote a book—his first. ("Not By Bread Alone" is his second book.) It's called "Rovesniki" and it won Dudinstev an unimportant prize and the jocular criticism of his associates, who spoke of "the liveliness of my pen and the thinness of my material." At a meeting last fall, he admitted with a smile that he was then a formalist.

Also during this period, Dudinstev

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steeped in "bourgeois survivals," Dudintsev creates a lonely, non-Communist hero who for years fights the selfish opposition and machinations of a collective of Party bureaucratic industrial officials and would-be scientists, who are themselves guilty of pandering to what passes for "bourgeois survivals" in the Soviet Union, before he achieves success largely (though not exclusively) through the assistance of non-Communist friends.

This Lopatkin is a striking contrast to the conventional positive heroes of post-war Soviet fiction and this fact has no doubt aroused much of the popular enthusiasm for the novel. Lopatkin is not a perfected version of Communist virtues or a hero who has so completely identified himself with the collective that there is no trace left of individual human personality. Drozdov, the factory manager, calls him a lone wolf: "Look here, Comrade Lopatkin, if I were a writer, I should write a novel about you. Because you are a truly tragic figure embodying within yourself a whole epoch, which by now is irretrievably past and gone. You are a hero, but a solitary one. . . ."

Drozdov is one of the most interesting characters in the novel. In many respects he is a more powerfully realized and psychologically convincing figure than the hero. A self-made Soviet tycoon, Drozdov is a representative of the managerial class which Dudintsev fearlessly satirizes and exposes. An oily Communist, hypocritical, and cautiously unscrupulous, he has a contempt for the individualists and the geniuses of Soviet society. He believes himself to be a model Communist. "I belong to the producers of material values," he declares. "The main spiritual value in our time is the ability to work well, to create the greatest possible quantity of necessary things."

Dudintsev portrays Drozdov and his managerial colleagues as the fat-cat "capitalists" of Soviet society who sport silk shirts, buy mink coats for their wives, live in superior dwellings, drive around in chauffeured automobiles, and are contemptuous of their subordinates. In stark contrast are the little people—Lopatkin, his friends the Sianovs, and the memorable old frustrated inventor Professor Busko, all of whom live a hand-to-mouth existence in wretched, crowded quarters. The contrast of the two levels of society is brought to a meaningful focus in Lopatkin's observation that "men are not born to accept humiliation, to lie, and to betray, for the sake of rich food and a good time." Indeed, it is Dudintsev's challenge to the official picture of Soviet life—his devastating account of the dishonesty and distrust at all levels brought out in the course of the selfless efforts of a man to benefit the State—which has vastly annoyed Soviet officialdom.

The artistic achievements of "Not by Bread Alone" do not measure up to the book's ideological importance in the current literary ferment. Artistically the novel does not stand much above the mediocre level of post-war fiction. However, Dudintsev succeeds in this first novel in drawing a few bold and often brilliantly realistic scenes of Soviet life, such as those in the hospital at Muzga, the family existence of the Sianovs, and the shocking account of Soviet injustice in the court scene where Lopatkin is sentenced to eight years at hard labor. Of the many characters, only Drozdov and old Professor Busko emerge as well-rounded, thoroughly believable human beings. Curiously enough, the intransigent Lopatkin wins our sympathy—if not always our understanding—by his strange, off-center behavior. His relations with the three women in his life, Jeanne, Valentina, and Nadia, seem contrived to exemplify his own self-characterization: "I reason so much that I have forgotten what feelings are like."

In an introduction, written by the author after London Soviet officials foolishly protested the translation of the novel into English, Dudintsev inveighs against those so-called Russian experts in the West who ignore his positive thinking while emphasizing the filth "which I washed out when I cleaned some dirty linen." Now, however, Party critics in the Soviet Union roundly denounce both Dudintsev's positive thinking and his washing of dirty linen in public. Up to date the young author has resolutely refused to recant, though repeatedly called upon to do so, and his novel and his courage have become important rallying points for those literary dissenters who only recently caused such a disturbance in Moscow.

Once again the justifiable demands of Soviet writers have been silenced, but freedom is patient, and meanwhile a new and potent spirit lurks in the USSR.

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became very much interested in Russian classical literature, and he liked to think he was able to handle a major theme by himself—one that tackles a critical problem of life. He soon tired of short stories; he longed for the majesty, scope, and power of a big book. He read and reread Gogol's "Dead Souls," and he became obsessed with Gogol's mastery of the big theme. When finally he sat down to write his own big novel, Dudinstev worked with a theme incorporating the whole Soviet system, the one common denominator—bureaucracy.

AFTER the war, Dudinstev worked as an industrial correspondent. He traveled from one machine plant to another, and soon he got to know the industry very well. For some reason, he took a special interest in the invention bureaus. He investigated many himself, got on personal terms with Russia's top bureaucrats, and gained the valuable knowledge which he employed in his novel.

Dudinstev admits he started writing "Not By Bread Alone" in 1952, and he made his first attempt to publish the book after the Twentieth Party Congress of the Soviet Communist Party in February, 1956. One Russian told me Dudinstev had tremendous difficulty finding a publisher. He was told his manuscript was good but too controversial. Finally, in desperation, he turned to Konstantin Siminov, editor of *Novy Mir*, a literary monthly. Siminov accepted the book, and publication began in installments in August, 1956.

Possibly Dudinstev could have had the manuscript published before the Twentieth Party Congress, but this would have been both tricky and dangerous. Although the Communists have always mouthed a distaste for bureaucracy, there was in fact no official, active campaign against the Kremlin's red tape until Nikita Khrushchev cut loose with his violent denunciation of Stalin at the Congress. Thus, an attack against bureaucracy might have been interpreted as an attack against Russia's leaders.

When Dudinstev heard Khrushchev rip into the Stalin era, he felt justified in publishing his attacks on Russia's Drozdovs and his defense of her Lopatkins. Moreover, it was safer. Editor Siminov probably published the book for the same reason.

Now, Vladimir Dudinstev stands as a pivotal symbol of a bid for greater artistic autonomy. The reaction to his book stands as an arresting affirmation of the Communist fear that a little freedom is as dangerous to totalitarianism as a lot of freedom—that even the Russians live not by bread alone. —MARVIN L. KALB.

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Young Arriviste

"Room at the Top," by John Braine *(Houghton Mifflin. 301 pp. $3.75), a first novel by a member of England's emerging group of "angry young men," records the story of Joe Lampton, a young rake whose goal is to enjoy the comforts of wealth.*

By James Gray

IN England not long ago a novel entitled "Room at the Top," written by a young novelist named John Braine, was received with critical endorsement by certain discerning journalists. The reason: Braine is a member of the emerging group of novelists known as "the angry young men," a group which has attracted wide attention both in England and in the U.S.

"Room at the Top" is an account of a "rake's progress" out of his native working-class world into the cozy comforts of a rich industrialist's world. The "rake" is one Joe Lampton, a young man who is ready to exchange his prevailing presence for a well-paid job and all that goes with it in the way of wardrobe, perquisites of wealth, and solid bourgeois status. He practices his "beefy" blandishments on two susceptible women and, succeeding with each, ruins the lives of both. The first mistress becomes a tragic figure as a result of his desertion; the second, as the book makes abundantly clear, will be made an equally tragic figure by marrying him.

Almost anything can be made of this kind of material. You can make "Madame Bovary" of it if you have the genius to reveal how pitiful a thing it is to snatch greedily at the semblance of love and miss love itself. Or, if you have a kind of earnest, uncensorious sympathy for the young arriviste, as Arnold Bennett had, you can make a nice little comedy of his adventures: Bennett did so in "Denry, the Audacious" (entitled "The Card" in England). Or, if you are a man with a gift for spite like John O'Hara, you can make a "Pal Joey" of it, exposing all that is brassy and brutal in a way of life.

But somehow "Room at the Top," on its voyage here from England, seems to have suffered a sea change without becoming either rich or strange. It repeats much that is garishly familiar about the techniques of seduction but adds little that is revealing about human society or human relations outside the narrowest confines of the boudoir. Led to believe that the overtone of the book is the "good sound" of hungry "youth really snarling," one is astonished to be able to detect nothing more lively than the persistent purr of youth in calculated exploitation.

Braine—"youth snarling."

The author of the novel lacks both the maturity of insight and the flair for style that might have enabled him to seize upon any of the book's possibilities. He tells his story in the idiom of the little theatre rehearsal room where all the characters, from the upper reaches of the middle class and the obscure alcoves of the civil service, come fortuitously together. The prattle of the imitators of the imitators of Noel Coward is on every tongue with absolutely no differentiation of accent from speaker to speaker.

Perhaps Mr. Braine's most serious mistake was to try to present this report of the heel-as-hero in the form of direct first person testimony from the young man himself. All the gusto that might have belonged to an objective story of shameless adventure is lost and replaced with nothing more rewarding in the way of subjective interpretation than an occasional wisp of self-doubt.

It may be that the young author tried the novel too soon. The last pages of "Room at the Top" constitute a short story which rises above the level of the rest of the book. These pages have to do with a night-long orgy of perverse dissipation, in which Joe Lampton indulges as an attempt to escape the awful image of his guilt. This picture of the simple savage turned sentimentalist has a kind of woeful authenticity to it. That, at least, is something on which to build a talent which has yet to emerge.

Timid Torero

"The Wounds of Hunger," by Luis Spota *(translated by Barnaby Conrad. Houghton Mifflin. 233 pp. $3.50), is a popular Mexican novel which has now been published in the U. S. and which tells of the making of a matador.*

By David Dempsey

ONE need not collect fight posters or belong to a fan club to appreciate Luis Spota's new novel "The Wounds of Hunger," a remarkable book first published in Mexico some ten years ago before bullfighting in the United States was expanded from a few lines out of "Carmen" to a neo-Romantic cult, with its borrowed vocabulary, its glorification of ritualized blood-letting, and its gospel of living dangerously—at a safe, literary distance. For those who contracted the sort of bull fever passed on by such writers as Kenneth Tynan, "The Wounds of Hunger" is a recommended antibiotic; and for others not yet infected it may very well provide lasting immunity.

The nearest North American equivalent I can think of to Luis Ortega, the young torero of Mr. Spota's novel, would be a small-time boxer striving very hard to get carded in Madison Square Garden. As the story opens, Luis and his manager, Pancho Camioneto, are in Mexico City hoping to fight at the Plaza Mexico. Of course, this is not easy for an eighteen-year-old beginner—not easy unless one is willing to submit to the unexpected demands of the impresario, for it seems that in bullfighting, as in the theatre, the casting couch is not unknown. Luis rejects this approach and he and Camioneto go off to "the wars," the dusty little country fiestas—the bush league fights—in which an aspiring matador is expected to perfect his style.

For a year they wander the provinces, by boxcar, truck, and sometimes, when they are lucky, by bus. If Luis has a weakness for bulls, which often frighten him, he is even more greatly affected by women, and his motto, "Never a backward step!", like his veronica, is more suitably executed in the bedroom than the bullring. Camioneto's attempts to keep a tight leash on his torero, their escapades with fight managers, country doctors, and the police; Luis's love affair with a sultry little female torera; his narrow escape from a cuckolded husband who wears an iron hook in place of a hand and turns up, in the best tradition of

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burlesque, at just the wrong time—this life of unquiet desperation rather than the glory of the bullring is the substance of Mr. Spota's very comic and very poignant novel.

Spota writes with the directness of a scenarist, and in many ways "The Wounds of Hunger" reads like a shooting script for a low-budget but nevertheless first-rate Italian movie, in which the English subtitles, flashed on the screen during a lengthy and animated dialogue between two characters, come out to be "Stupid! Now it's too late," or perhaps nothing more than "Hey!" This cinematic approach gives the novel a highly episodic character—there are sixty chapters in a book of 233 pages—but it also fits in with the author's quick, hard-telling images and figures of speech which root his story so solidly in its provincial background. "They could hear the sour sounds made by the band as it attacked some helpless march," he writes. And again, when a fellow torero is gored to death: "Juanito's body lay there on the floor, long, with the toes pointing one east and the other west." Spota's ability to draw a scene with the fewest possible words gives his book the quality of being experienced rather than read—but, then, he was writing before the days of Vistavision and Stereophonic Sound. His bulls don't bellow.

NUMBERS GAME: Julian Mayfield's first novel **"The Hit"** (Vanguard, $3.50), is an intelligent, energetic foray into a complex milieu. It tells the story of Hubert Cooley who, after fifty years, determines to escape the multiple frustrations of Harlem, abandon a dowdy wife, take up with another woman, and go West to start anew. Like everything else he has tried (and failed), his escape is a chancy thing, contingent upon a successful gamble to "hit the numbers," and he never accomplishes it. He hits the numbers, but the numbers' king welches on the payoff, and Hubert is left a broken-down old man.

"The Hit" also tells the story of Gertrude, Hubert's wife, who is too ground down by the same frustrations to rebel. When in the circumstances of Hubert's deserting her the last calamity impends, all Gertrude can do is sit and weep. And, finally, it is the story of James Lee, the son of this pitiful pair, who is already repeating his parents' cycle of frustration. He is doomed in a way his parents never were at his age, for he loses hope.

Mr. Mayfield knows the social surfaces of Harlem, for he appraises them astutely; but his characters are like reflections in a darkened mirror. Though it was obviously meant to be something more, "The Hit" is an entertainment. —SAUNDERS REDDING.

GOLDEN QUEST: The first half of **"The Temple of Gold,"** by William Goldman (Knopf, $3.75), is an entertaining account of a beat-generation Penrod growing up in a midwestern college town. Raymond Euripides Trevitt experiences close friendship, raucous escapades and seduction by an older girl. His shrewd but idealistic friend Zock, who feels that the most important thing is the search for the "temple of gold"—some aim that will justify living—is the main influence on his life. This section of the book is the best and warmest—always funny, always engaging.

With the breakup of his first love affair (the girl takes to bedding with an English teacher), Ray's childhood comes to an end. Broken up over this, he kills Zock in a car smash. The rest of the book details Ray's futile search for the temple. He marries a nincompoop prostitute because she presents a challenge; he tries for the editorship of the college magazine, for which he needs the backing of the same teacher his girl left him for. When these ambitions meet their inevitable doom, Ray is satisfied that Zock was wrong—there's no temple of gold anywhere, and he'll have to follow his life where it leads him.

Although Mr. Goldman has put his case a little violently, the point seems to be that you have finally to rid yourself of everything about your childhood—all influences, good and bad—before you're free to be your own man. —D. R. BENSEN.

DIVINE LOVE: The hero of Anne Fremantle's striking and original story, **"By Grace of Love"** (Macmillan, $3.50), sums up the novel's theme in St. Augustine's words: "I came with the flesh, through the flesh, to Him who is beyond the flesh." This young hero, whose name is Piers Hungerford, belongs to one of Britain's aristocratic old families, a family which has been Protestant since the Reformation. He and Clare Tremaine, a Roman Catholic, fall in love and, as students at Oxford, are caught up in a passionate romance. The guilt-confused girl refuses her lover's plea for marriage, whereupon Piers signs up as stretcher-bearer in the Spanish Civil War. Wounded on the battlefield he begins to believe that his soul's destiny lies in the direction of divine love. Experiences in the hospital and on a recuperative tour in the Pyrenees lead to a realization of his true vocation, but it takes World War II to bring him back to his ancestral home and spiritual reunion with Clare.

There are absorbing scenes from the two world wars, from the Spanish conflict, and from Oxford student life; and the central figure, Piers, boldly illuminates the contrast between human and divine love. —ANN F. WOLFE.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SOMETHING IN COMMON

Each coupled pair of names or initials below is attachable to the same surname. (In some instances the two are, or were, related, in others not.) Faye Chilcote Walker of Columbus, Ohio, asks you to make adjustments. Answers on page 62.

1. George and T. S.	( ) Wylie
2. Walt and Van Wyck	( ) Wilson
3. Increase and Cotton	( ) Williams
4. Jeremy and Bayard	( ) Whitman
5. Rose and Thomas Babington	( ) Webster
6. Dante Gabriel and Christina	( ) Warren
7. Thomas and Marianne	( ) Taylor
8. John and Phineas	( ) Sitwell
9. Horace and Thomas	( ) Rossetti
10. Walt and Sarah Helen	( ) Rogers
11. Oscar and Tennessee	( ) Pound
12. Daniel and Noah	( ) Moore
13. James Russell and Amy	( ) Mather
14. Samuel and Will	( ) Mason
15. Roscoe and Ezra	( ) Mann
16. Romer and Harry Leon	( ) Macaulay
17. Philip and Elinor	( ) Lowell
18. Howard and Vachel	( ) Lindsay
19. Mercy and Robert Penn	( ) Fletcher
20. Edith and Osbert	( ) Eliot

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Fun-Loving Monster

***"Half Horse, Half Alligator," edited by Walter Blair and Franklin J. Meine** (University of Chicago Press. 289 pp. $5), is a collection of some original pieces about Mike Fink, the legendary king of keelboatmen. Stanley Hyman of Bennington College, who reviews it here, is the author of "Armed Vision: A Study of the Method of Modern Literary Criticism."*

By Stanley Hyman

"NOT out of those, on whom systems of education have exhausted their culture, comes the helpful giant to destroy the old or to build the new," Emerson wrote in "The American Scholar," "but out of unhandselled savage nature, out of terrible Druids and Berserkirs, come at last Alfred and Shakespeare."

Here is our terrible Berserkir, right out of unhandselled savage nature—Mike Fink, the king of the keelboatmen, the American hero. No system of education exhausted its culture on him, and if he could read and write it escaped notice. He was the bully-boy of the rivers in the early nineteenth century, and he could out-bite, out-kick, and out-gouge any other freshwater tough. He drank a gallon of whiskey a day, and his other appetites were proportionate. He was most famed as a shot, with a preference for live targets. From his moving boat, he is alleged to have shot the tails off eight pigs in a row on shore, shot the heel spur off an unknown Negro, and shot off an Indian's scalp lock. His strong sense of fun was not dependent on his rifle: we are told that on another occasion he threw two live puppies into a kettle of boiling molasses for a joke; and he once covered his wife with dry leaves and set fire to her, explaining that she had winked at some men.

Unrestrained by conventional Old World systems of morality, this helpful giant was apparently indifferent to the value of any human life, including his own. His favorite sport was shooting at a tin cup resting on the head of a friend, for a wager of whiskey. His death occurred when he did the trick with a man named Carpenter, shot Carpenter between the eyes —"I've lost the whiskey," Fink is reported as saying, "I shot a little too low"—and was immediately shot through the heart by a critical spectator. His other art form was the brag. "As a talker," Mark Van Doren once wrote, "he is sublime." No one knows, really, how Fink talked, but here is a reconstruction by a chronicler in 1848:

> I'm a land-screamer—I'm a water-dog—I'm a snapping-turkle—I can lick five times my own weight in wild-cats. I can use up Injens by the cord. I can swallow niggers whole, raw or cooked. I can outrun, out-dance, out-jump, outdive, out-drink, out-holler, and out-lick, any white things in the shape o' human that's ever put foot within two thousand miles o' the big Massassip. Whoop! holler, you varmints!—holler fur the Snapping Turkle! or I'll jump right straight down yer throats, quicker nor a streak o' greased chain-lightning can down a nigger's!

In short, if any fraction of the testimony can be believed, Mike Fink was a sadistic psychopath, a high-spirited and a brainless premature storm-trooper. The stories about him, Walter Blair says in his and Franklin J. Meine's "Half Horse, Half Alligator," "are the raw materials for a sort of buckskin and linsey-woolsey saga," and he regrets that they did not inspire "a noteworthy literary work." They did inspire two of the most absurd fictions of the nineteenth century. One is Joseph M. Field's 1847 serial, "Mike Fink: The Last of the Boatmen," a romantic melodrama in which, typically, "Fink drew from his bosom a rude locket, kissed it fervently, breathing the name of 'Mary'." The other is Emerson Bennett's 1848 penny dreadful, "Mike Fink: A Legend of the Ohio," where Mike's villainous antagonist snarls to his crew of cutthroats: "Every thing thus far, too, seems propitious to our design." After more than a century, literary apotheosis continues, and the bully-boy becomes the overgrown boy scout of Walt Disney's "Davy Crockett and Mike Fink."

Professor Blair and Mr. Meine, who collaborated on a Mike Fink narrative as long ago as 1933, here publish the original sources, with contemporary

—*Bettmann.*

"Hold your noddle steady, and don't spill the whiskey."

woodcuts and a first-rate bibliography. "Half Horse, Half Alligator" is subtitled "The Growth of the Mike Fink Legend," and although it is almost impossible from the lack of contemporary evidence to tell fact from fancy, Blair and Meine have done as good a job of sifting as seems possible, relying heavily on "may well have been," "it was probably," and "there is a strong likelihood that." Their scholarship is impeccable, and their style, despite such locutions as "writing fellows" for writers, is less folksy than one might expect.

Only once do they turn on their hero, in a shocked note: "Is it possible that Mike was so beyond the pale of decency that on occasion he had his woman hold the cup between her thighs while he shot at it?" Two of their contributors, however, stand them in good stead. Charles Cist, the editor of the *Western General Advertiser* of Cincinnati, stated in his paper in 1845 that Mike Fink's character was "worthless and vile," and a correspondent signing himself "K" sent in some anecdotes confirming Cist's judgment, adding, "Mike was one of the very lowest of mankind." Blair and Meine reprint these documents, along with the ineffable garbage of Field and Bennett, and the reader can at least form his own opinion of this specimen of American folk hero. As for Emerson's assurance that Alfreds and Shakespeares would flower from the dung-heap of these terrible Berserkirs, we are still waiting.

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The Big Flood

"Johnstown: The Day the Dam Broke," by Richard O'Connor *(Lippincott. 255 pp. $3.95), is a popular account of the flood that overtook a Pennsylvania city in May, 1889.*

By John T. Winterich

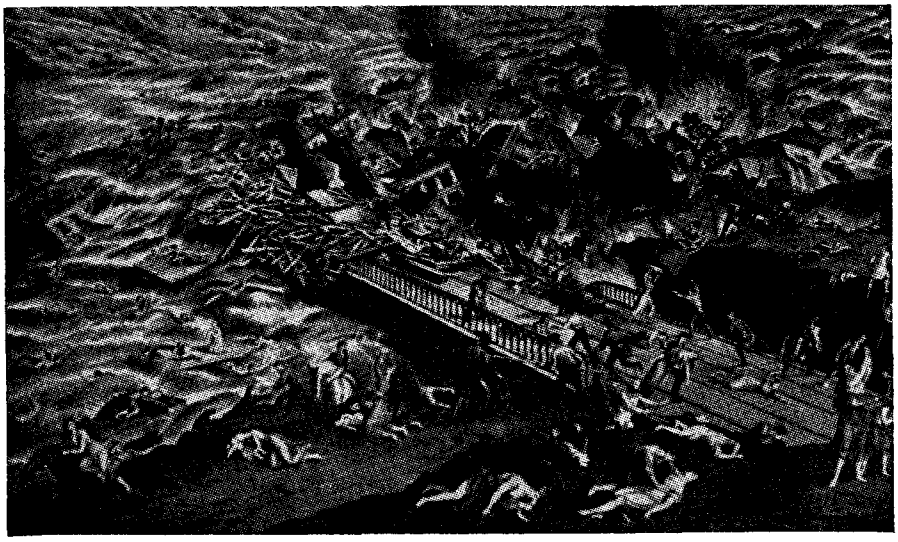
SIXTEEN miles up the Little Conemaugh River from Johnstown, Pa., and 400 feet above the city, stood, on the morning of May 31, 1889, the South Fork Dam, holding back the 20,000,000 tons of water in South Fork Reservoir. The dam was the largest earthenwork barrier in the world, and the reservoir was the largest artificial lake in the country. The reservoir was not Johnstown's water supply: it was merely the by-product of a canal-building program that had been set in motion in the 1820s. The dam had been completed in 1852.

In 1877 a promoter bought the reservoir (dam included) from the State of Pennsylvania for $2,000 and developed it as a mountain resort. The plutocrats of Pittsburgh, sixty miles to the west—the Mellons, the Carnegies, the Fricks, and the rest—organized the South Fork Hunting and Fishing Club, limited to 100 members. Thereafter, every summer, the one-by-three-mile lake was dotted with the craft of steel and coal barons having shirtsleevesy fun.

At the end of that May of 1889, rain had been falling all over the East for several days, and Johnstowners already had wet cellars and wet feet. They were inured to such minor inconveniences; they were hardened, too, to the menace of South Fork Dam. At 3:10 on the afternoon of the day after Decoration Day, the dam gave way. One hour later the wall of water hit Johnstown. There were sketchy warnings at the last minute, received largely with disbelief when received at all. There was no Paul Revere on a foam-flecked horse to cry "Take to the hills!"—this is one legend which Mr. O'Connor effectively demolishes.

The flood carried with it the wreckage of a dozen communities. The debris jammed against the stone railroad bridge at Johnstown (still in use) in a mass twenty to thirty feet high and thirty acres in extent. There were hundreds of human beings in those thirty acres. At 5:45 the mass caught fire. The death toll: 2,200.

SAVE for some exceptions to be noted presently, Mr. O'Connor tells the story of the Johnstown catastrophe simply, vividly, and well. In all of the disaster reconstructions of which we have been seeing so many lately, the suspense inevitably comes built in; but the task of the writer is made no easier by that very fact—the reader already knows the dénouement. Mr. O'Connor does an especially good job with the aftermath of the flood, when the suspense, like the waters of South Fork Reservoir, might seem to have run out: press coverage, salvage operations, relief, and rehabilitation. These details may not sound exciting, but Mr. O'Connor makes them exciting. There were later disasters at Johnstown, even with the threat of the reservoir drastically but permanently removed. The worst of these, in 1936, did three times as much property damage as the tragedy of 1889, but only twelve deaths were due directly, and another twelve indirectly, to the flood. Not until 1943 was the city of Johnstown officially pronounced flood-proof.



—*From the book.*

Railroad bridge at Johnstown—"death toll: 2,200."

Mr. O'Connor's narrative is marred by much careless, clumsy, occasionally repetitious writing, and by an irritating persistence in saying "Reverend Beale," "Reverend Miller," "Reverend Field," and "Reverend Chapman." But his story wins through, just as Johnstown itself won through its hour of supreme agony.

THE LIFE OF THE RADICAL: In **"American Radicals: Some Problems and Personalities,"** edited by Harvey Goldberg (Monthly Review Press, $5), the word radicalism is defined as "fanatic consecration to the common weal," and the biographies of fourteen men whose careers are supposed to meet this criterion are sketched. The chosen fourteen are John Jay Chapman, Theodore Dreiser, Heywood Broun, Henry Demarest Lloyd, Robert M. LaFollette, John Brown, John Peter Altgeld, Vito Marcantonio, Eugene V. Debs, William Haywood, Daniel De Leon, Walter Weyl, Thorstein Veblen, and Charles Austin Beard. The best of the essays are those on Dreiser as the incorruptable artist, on Broun as the crusader for civil liberties, and on Veblen as a Marxian thinker. Underlying the book are the dubious premises that mere liberals, as distinct from radicals, are fainthearted trimmers and that virtually all deeds in opposition to capitalism are right. Justifying the means by the ends gets especially embarrassing when it comes to condoning John Brown's cold-blooded murder of five pro-slavery Kansans as an act of revenge against pro-slavery wrongs that, "however atrocious," may somehow have, "vicariously, inspirited the God-fearing."

—HAL BRIDGES.

THE SIDE-KICK of WYATT EARP: Legend says that the western gunfighter Bat Masterson killed between twenty and thirty men. Richard O'Connor, in providing the first full-length biography of the well-known frontier marshal in **"Bat Masterson"** (Doubleday, $3.75), cuts the total to three, but he recreates a lifesize figure considerably more interesting than the legend. A Kansas farm boy who ran away from home, Masterson hunted buffalo, fought Indians, and gained a national reputation as a sheriff and part-time gambler upholding the law (more or less) alongside Wyatt Earp in roistering Dodge City. Wearing a black suit and derby, carrying a cane to aid a bullet-inflicted limp, Masterson preferred slugging lawbreakers with the cane to shooting them. Hence his nickname—his real name was William Barclay—and his low casualty list. After the 1870s he had two more careers, first

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Who Was Lawrence?

"D. H. Lawrence: A Composite Biography," by Edward Nehls *(University of Wisconsin Press. 614 pp. $7.50), is the first of a three-volume study of one of this century's most bewilderingly complex men, the author of "The Rainbow" and of "Sons and Lovers." Our reviewer is Daniel B. Dodson of Columbia University.*

By Daniel B. Dodson

IN ORDER to get an adequate idea of what Professor Nehls's "D. H. Lawrence: A Composite Biography," is like, one must imagine that Boswell's "Life of Johnson" is supported every two or three pages with the testimony of such other contemporaries as Mrs. Thrale, Garrick, Wilkes, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Beauclerk, Tetty Johnson, Fanny Burney, Anna Williams, and, further, by a large number of casual acquaintances. If all of these had recorded minute details and had, moreover, spoken with the utmost candor, we might have had a less admirable biography as a work of art but we would have had something approaching the scholarly exhaustiveness of Professor Nehls's collective portrait of D. H. Lawrence. It is doubtful that the last word will ever be written on so controversial an artist as Lawrence. But I cannot imagine a biography of the man which will supersede this composite picture.

The present volume covers the period from Lawrence's birth in 1885 to his departure from England in 1919 when his nomadic urge began to drive him around the world in search of "Rananim," that mythical island community of liberated souls, or, as Lawrence saw it, the "colony of lost souls," lost in the confusion of a dying civilization dedicated to "spiritual supremacy." The two following volumes, promised for next year, will continue the biography to Lawrence's tragic death in 1930. Together the three volumes will surely present us with one of the most complete pictures of the artist as a man ever to appear.

This is not to suggest that the portrait is entirely new. Such was not Professor Nehls's intention. He has used brilliantly all the available material on Lawrence's life as well as a vast amount of new material solicited for this work by letter and by interview. The result is not only "composite" but bewildering, since Lawrence was one of the most bewilderingly complex of men.

In the twenty-seven years since he died, D. H. Lawrence has become an embattled touchstone of critical taste, for by all admission he had that disconcerting quality of genius which demands attention. Between F. R. Leavis's statement that he was "the greatest creative genius of our age, and one of the greatest figures in English literature," and T. S. Eliot's charge of ignorance, bad writing, and "rottenness," no critical attitude can remain neutral. But since it is the man Lawrence we are concerned with here, the insistent questions rise again: was the man Lawrence he who could not abide smutty stories and who was shocked by Catherine Carswell for appearing in a nightgown, decorous as it was, or was he the man who had written "The Rainbow" and was to write the priapic idyl, "Lady Chatterley's Lover"? Was he the man who could chase his wife Frieda around a table screaming: "I'll kill you!" or the childless man who charmed children? Was he the artist with unparalleled flashes of insight or the man of violent personal inconsistencies ululating petulant puerilities? Was he a highly articulate gland or a mystic? A crypto-fascist or crypto-saint? The evidence for both versions of Lawrence is here, but the decision for one or the other must come from each reader's spiritual marrow, for the protean portrait has a side for each.

What is made abundantly clear in this study is that the crucial years of World War I affected Lawrence as they affected perhaps no other noncombatant artist (with the possible exception of Rilke, whose reactions were curiously similar), and that the coincidence of the war with the years of Lawrence's artistic maturation had a traumatic effect on him. The frustration of being disregarded, condemned, or relegated into a poverty-stricken obscurity while the blood coagulated in Flanders worked as poison in the soul of one who was convinced of his superiority, producing vindictive dreams of violence and chaos, a revenge against a hostile world which was to find expression in the "blood-consciousness" extended to all levels of human activity. "About the world," he wrote Mark Gertler in February, 1918: "I feel that nothing but a quite bloody merciless, almost anarchistic revolution will be any good for this country; a fearful chaos of smashing up."

—*Justin Murray.*

Lawrence—"controversial artist."

Professor Nehls's task of editing such a wealth of material as he has assembled must have been a great challenge. The result is an editorial *tour de force.* The formal, scholarly apparatus of the appendix, appropriate to a university press book, includes a very useful series of biographical sketches of the "Lawrence circle." And for the disciples there is a vivid new experience: the first appearance of the "Burns-novel," a remarkably Hardyesque fragment which Lawrence never finished.

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Critic Supreme

***"Sainte-Beuve," by Harold Nicolson** (Doubleday. 274 pp. $5), is a new and widely-acclaimed biography of the strong-minded nineteenth-century French literary critic who introduced the psychological method of criticism into literature. Elliott M. Grant, professor of French literature at Williams College, reviews the book here.*

By Elliott M. Grant

AS A literary critic the nineteenth-century Frenchman of letters Sainte-Beuve has long enjoyed great admiration. It used to be said, for example, that if France had not a Shakespeare or a Dante, she could always boast of Molière and Sainte-Beuve. In the field of criticism she reigned supreme and in that area Sainte-Beuve held the highest place of all.

Now, in a biography which verges on the brilliant, Harold Nicolson has written of Sainte-Beuve. Clearly Mr. Nicolson admires him as a talented man of letters devoted to the truth as he saw it. But Mr. Nicolson has not sought, as others might have, to whitewash Sainte-Beuve as a critic or as a man.

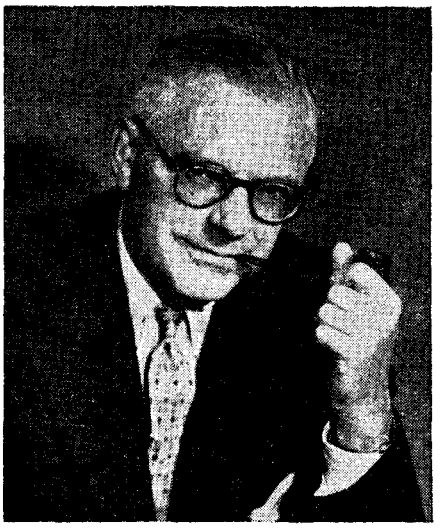
Marcel Proust was perhaps the first to combat the prevailing admiration of Sainte-Beuve as a critic. He reproached Sainte-Beuve for his inability to distinguish between talent and genius, for his insincerity and disloyalty, for his inconsistency and sycophancy. Mr. Nicolson discusses the problem with far greater discrimination. He agrees that Sainte-Beuve made "distressing errors of judgment" concerning his contemporaries. He failed to see the genius and importance of Stendhal, Balzac, Flaubert, and Baudelaire, revealing thereby "a fundamental incapacity to appreciate innovations, a tendency to prefer the traditional commonplace to new strength." But when it came to the classics and to the more conservative among his contemporaries, he was really without a peer. Furthermore, he introduced the psychological method—which he called the physiological method—into literary criticism. Behind the book there is always a man.

To understand the book thoroughly we must need understand the man, we must know about his heredity, his childhood, his friends and associates, his health, his habits, his activities. The danger of such a method is that one may neglect the book for the man, and Sainte-Beuve did not always completely avoid that pitfall. Mr. Nicolson comes quite properly to the conclusion that while Sainte-Beuve was not perhaps the supreme literary critic he was formerly thought to be, he was a very great literary portraitist and historian indeed. He never forgot, as Mr. Nicolson says, that "criticism is the tribute paid by talent to genius," and in spite of his disloyalties to men, he had a high ideal of truth and detested any form of fraudulence. He possessed, moreover, a charming literary style, clear and fluid, with just enough metaphorical embellishment to make it captivating.

As a man, Sainte-Beuve left much to be desired. He was unfaithful to his friends and malicious to others. The most famous episode, of course, is his treatment of Victor Hugo. He had the misfortune to fall in love with Hugo's wife. But whereas Hugo acted with exemplary nobility, Sainte-Beuve, beneath a pretense of candor, was Tartuffian: underhanded, sly, and mean. He was not satisfied until he made Adèle Hugo his mistress. (Whether he brought her any happiness is highly doubtful, though he presumably gratified at least temporarily his own tortured ego.)

Jealous and malicious as Sainte-Beuve was, he could on occasion be helpful and kind. An excellent illustration, which Mr. Nicolson happens not to use, is the letter he wrote to Emile Zola concerning the latter's novel "Thérèse Raquin." While he did not hesitate to point out frankly to the struggling novelist what he thought the defects of the novel were, he found much to praise. Young Zola must have been greatly encouraged.

Except for occasional, unnecessary *obiter dicta*—such as that on the "folly" of educating young men abroad —Mr. Nicolson has written not only a penetrating and entertaining biography but an extremely compact and succinct biography. Indeed, my only serious objection is that the book is too succinct. We are not, for example, told quite enough about the Port-Royal. Those digressions of Sainte-Beuve's on Pascal and Racine! They are assuredly as admirable as Mr. Nicolson says and deserve to be presented to the reader in sufficient detail to persuade him of their charm and intelligence. Otherwise the book is more than useful and satisfactory; it does verge indeed on the brilliant.



Bennett Cerf—"yardstick of pleasure."

63, Count 'Em, 63

***"Reading for Pleasure," edited by Bennett Cerf** (Harper. 769 pp. $4.95), offers sixty-three selections by writers ranging from Art Buchwald to Katherine Mansfield and from Richard Harding Davis to Ray Bradbury, the whole being calculated to provide exactly what the book's title implies.*

By John T. Winterich

THE way of the anthologist is often a road hard-packed by anthologists who have gone before. It is a pleasure, therefore, to bid welcome to an anthology—an all-prose anthology, this one—in which Ernest Hemingway is *not* represented by "My Old Man," in which Ring Lardner is *not* represented by "Haircut," or Stephen Vincent Benét by "The Devil and Daniel Webster," or O. Henry by "The Gift of the Magi," or Max Beerbohm by "Enoch Soames."

In "Reading for Pleasure" Mr. Cerf has assembled sixty-three selections by sixty-three authors; there are no duplications save one exception that isn't really an exception—Art Buchwald, the youngest contributor, who is represented by two of his columns put under one heading. The authors are almost evenly divided between American and English, plus two Irishmen (Frank O'Connor and James Stephens) and two Scandinavians (Thor Heyerdahl and Isak Dinesen). Thirty-eight of the sixty-three are living. Oldest of the whole group is Harry Stillwell Edwards, who was born in 1855 and died in 1938, and if the name is unfamiliar to you, the

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Sense and Satellites

THE first venture in human history into outer space has brought no universal feeling of release or jubilation.

After a lifetime of some 250,000 years on earth, only the last 6,000 of which are a matter of approximate historic record, man has conquered earth gravity and stands poised on the era of universal exploration. But the chill of a cold war has fixed itself upon the event. The significance of the earth satellite is being measured more in terms of space platforms from which intercontinental wars can be waged than in terms of man's new capacity to extend his citizenship to the universe.

At precisely the point where the nations can seriously contemplate creating a mechanism that will take man to the moon or beyond, they also face the stark danger that a variation of the same device can put an end to man on earth. New and accumulated knowledge now makes it possible to send missiles from one continent to the other in a matter of minutes. Into these missiles can be fitted the nuclear cargo which on arrival will pulverize the societies of the humans and shatter the delicate conditions which alone make life possible. This is the unhappy meaning of what might otherwise be the greatest triumph of the human mind in the story of man.

For the people of the Western world, especially the people of the United States, the news of the satellite has created not only apprehension but shock. It is the shock that comes from the discovery that an adversary has been dangerously underestimated.

Stern things are being said now in America about the inadequacy of our own science and technology. This is not where America has been lacking. It is not our science and technology that have failed. Our failure—and it is a critical one—has been in our reasoning, in our judgment, in our moral imagination.

The failure is a continuing one.

It is not an overnight failure. It goes back to 1945—back to the mold in which the atomic age began. We never paused long enough to think through the meaning of the nuclear explosives we so ingeniously created. We regarded the atomic bomb as just another weapon, rather than the beginning of a new age on earth in which vast intelligence and imagination would be required to keep the new force under control. We created the precedent for the use of nuclear explosives against human life. We issued no ultimatum, conducted no demonstration, before dropping the bomb on a live target. In this way, we deprived ourselves of the strength that we would have gained through a magnificent example in moral restraint. This kind of strength might have been useful in creating the effective agencies to prevent a world nuclear armaments race, of which the hydrogen bomb and the intercontinental missiles are the latest products.

Most serious of all was the national delusion produced by our success in atomic energy. The military head of the Manhattan District Project proclaimed that the United States had nothing to fear from Soviet science or technology. He declared that it would take the Russians at least twenty years to make a nuclear weapon, if indeed they could ever make it. We developed a policy based on the assumption that some sort of secret existed which we alone knew or could keep, despite the warnings of many of our leading scientists that what we did others could do. And even when we learned that the Soviet had devised its own atomic bomb far sooner than we had anticipated, we made the even greater mistake of assuming indefinite superiority. The next jolt came when the Soviet created a hydrogen bomb before we did.

Then there was a period when, in our frustration, we turned our power on ourselves; we allowed knaves to define the standard both for the national security and the national morality. The result was that scientists by the hundreds were driven from the government laboratories. At one place alone, Fort Monmouth, which had the responsibility for developing advanced ideas in the radar and rocket defense field, the government deprived itself of the services of some forty scientists during a critical period. Public and Congressional pressure eventually established that the suspensions were substantially contrived; and most of the men were asked to return. Meanwhile, the program had been seriously retarded.

Two years ago, a group of scientists and laymen came together for the purpose of alerting the American people and government to the fact that the Soviet Union had an important jump in the development of intermediate range ballistic missiles and intercontinental ballistic missiles. The group urged that the United States come before the United Nations with a bold and dramatic plan for establishing world controls before the ICBM became a reality, at which time it might be too late. Once again, the confident voices of reassurance went out over the land. Russia make an intercontinental missile before the U.S.? Nonsense, went the argument; they couldn't even make a Model-T Ford.

And now a Russian earth satellite spins around the globe, sending out signals which mock our delusions of superiority. We are discovering, as have other nations through history, that a superiority complex comes at high price.

To react to the Soviet satellite by calling for a crash program of our own for overcoming the Soviet lead does not by itself meet the need. The need today is the same as it was in 1945, only it is infinitely more urgent now. The principal need is not to conjure up more effective ways of destroying the world. The principal need is to tap our intelligence and moral imagination to the fullest in creating a working design for a better tomorrow in

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which all the world's peoples can share.

It is what we are willing to give up in behalf of peace that will determine our effectiveness in pursuing the peace. We do not have as much to give up as we did twelve years ago and, to that extent, our position is weaker than it was then. But it may not be too late to give up obsolete concepts related to unfettered national sovereignty. We can still come to terms with the meaning of human life in the middle of the twentieth century. We can give everything we we have to the idea of a United Nations which has the powers and responsibilities of a world federation. Only such a federation will be in a position to make sure that the launching-sites for satellites or space-ships will not be used for intercontinental hydrogen-bomb carriers, but for carrying out the great adventures of tomorrow.

THE advocacy of such a United Nations will not by itself bring it into being. But advocacy does not have to produce universal agreement in order to create a new sense of direction in the world. It need only define our complete commitment to a pooled sovereignty, to a sharing of world knowledge for the human good, and to the subordination of the nations to world law.

A great idea looking towards the development of a world community will circle the globe more rapidly than the fastest satellite. It will give us access to the majority of the world's peoples—on whom security really depends. It will also help to make life bearable on this planet before we take off for other ones. —N. C.

The Little Rock Myth

FOR the student of public opinion and its relationship with public action, Little Rock has been an interesting if tragic phenomenon. It is primarily a story of the power of leadership to convert latent opinion into active, aroused sentiment.

Little Rock itself was the least to blame. Led by the better elements in the city, public opinion had come by late summer to the point where most of the people in the city reluctantly accepted the inevitability of school desegregation. I think it's important to realize that most of these people did not particularly relish the thought of a racially mixed school system. They had grown up with segregated schools, and their reasons for believing that it would be better to continue on that basis ranged all the way from a conviction that the admission of Negroes would dilute the educational standards to a blind belief that any increase in racial equality would spell doom to the entire white race.

Although a majority thought desegregation an undesirable thing, they also felt that it was an inevitable thing. Most of them went further than that and felt that the particular plan worked out by the school was probably as satisfactory a form of integration, from the Southern viewpoint, as could be achieved.

This, then, was the attitude of a sizable majority of Little Rock just before the school opened: "We're going to have integrated schools. It's too bad, but there's nothing we can do about it. We're going to have them."

It was at this point that Governor Faubus apparently decided to make a bold political gamble to see whether determined opposition by state authorities could block what seemed to be an inevitable step. What followed is common knowledge. The state militia were used, not to implement the law of the land but to preserve the customs of the community, although the reason advanced by Governor Faubus was that he was acting to preserve law and order and to prevent outbreaks of violence.

After a few days of preservation of the *status quo* by armed force there came the consultation between Governor Faubus and President Eisenhower. Up to this point some—but, from the best available evidence, not very many—citizens of Little Rock had begun to feel less sure that desegregation was in fact inevitable. Following the much-heralded talk between President Eisenhower and Governor Faubus, a week went by with no change in the situation. During this period the feeling spread through Little Rock that segregation might, after all, be saved. Governor Faubus, people of this view reasoned, had stepped in and by taking a firm stand had saved the day. He had shown that the states did have a right, after all, to control their own customs and the Federal Government wasn't, after all, going to do anything about it.

Although later events proved that this interpretation of the inaction was unjustified, during this week the idea that desegregation could be stopped evidently spread like wildfire. On the day the militia was finally removed sentiment in Little Rock had changed. Instead of a little group of die-hards who intended to make one last protest against a change they knew would come, which had been expected to show up at the school if the Negro students attempted to enter, there was now a much larger crowd who instead of feeling they were fighting a lost cause against an inevitable development now felt that if they only stood firm and followed the example set by their Governor, they could in fact stop it from happening. In other words, the hope of success was injected into the equation.

The better elements in Little Rock were shocked by what happened—shocked to the point where, when the troops came in, they were greeted with a feeling of relief. It seems safe to say that not many people in Little Rock are happy that Federal troops had to come to enforce law and order. They feel it was Little Rock's problem, and they would have much preferred to have Little Rock handle it. But the better elements are prepared to accept this fact: Little Rock didn't handle it, law and order did break down, and the troops were needed. With them came a wave of relief—although in many cases the relief was tinged with annoyance and in some cases with shame.

SINCE then Governor Faubus's actions—whether by design or not—have served to maintain a crisis atmosphere which would support his claims that integration is unacceptable and dangerous, while channeling popular passions into a battle over states rights versus Federal power. Despite this, my impression is that the feeling that desegregation is inevitable is gradually returning to Little Rock. In my opinion, that augurs well for the future, because it was the acceptance of this inevitability that caused the majority of Little Rock citizens to look more-or-less calmly on the arrival of the Negro students on the first day of school—*before* that first day arrived.

As I interpret the situation, it was only the injection of the hope that their leader, Governor Faubus, was going to be able to prove this inevitability a myth that caused extreme segregationists to try to decide the issue by violence. In other words, *desire* without hope led to reluctant acceptance of an unsatisfactory state of affairs. Desire *with* hope led to action—and therein lies a lesson for social scientists. —ELMO ROPER.

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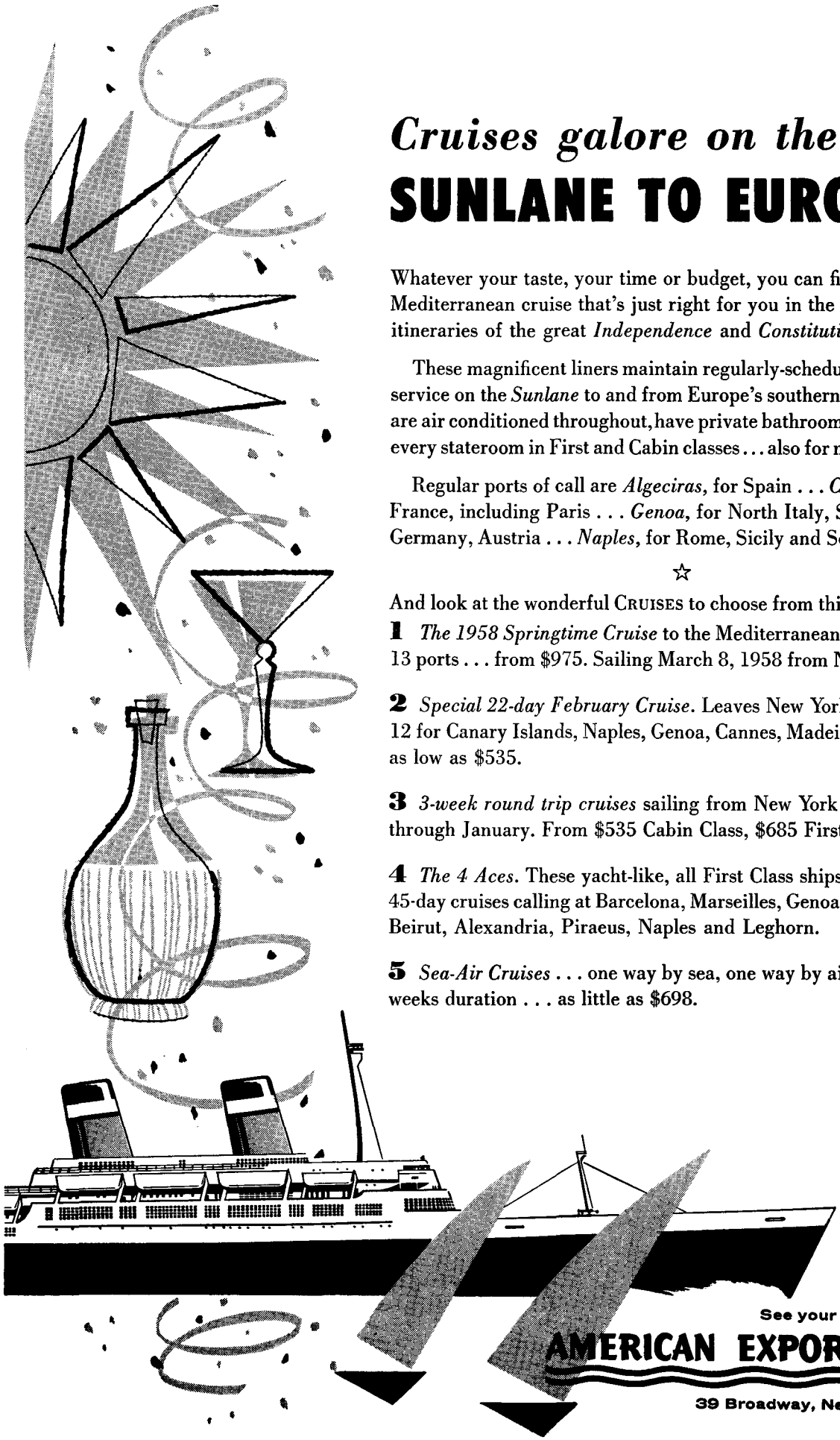

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The Winter Cities

WHEN the gold leaves lie on the cobbles of the allées *and the sidewalk café tables and the touring schoolteachers have fled indoors and the big ships are diverted ferries operating the West Indies run, the cold stone catacombs of Europe's capitals become not a tomb but a secret tourist-land, adored by the* cognoscenti, *coveted by the urbane. In Paris, charcoal briquets glow in the hotel fireplaces and Dietrich stalks the Vendôme. Vienna is a swirl of whipped cream, waltz, schnitzel, and schmalz, and there is skiing at the end of the trolley line. There is* café con leche *in the cafes of Madrid, six o'clock tea at the Embassy, eleven o'clock dinner at the Jockey. In Athens, the* bouzoukias *wail all winter, and the horses run at Phaleron, and the Parthenon floats, floodlit, on the full of the moon. South winds up from Africa skim the chill from Rome, and there is warmth enough for a winter's picnic on a ruined atrium on the Palatine. London hustles to its bountiful theatre, lunches at Quaglino's, shivers appreciatively in the familiarity of its cozy brown winter fog. How to do all this, and also how to buy a Dior, where to find a beefsteak in Rome, and where to get one's head bashed in whilst in London are all described by an instructive, seasoned, sanguinary, even celebrated collection of writers on the pages that follow.*

—HORACE SUTTON.

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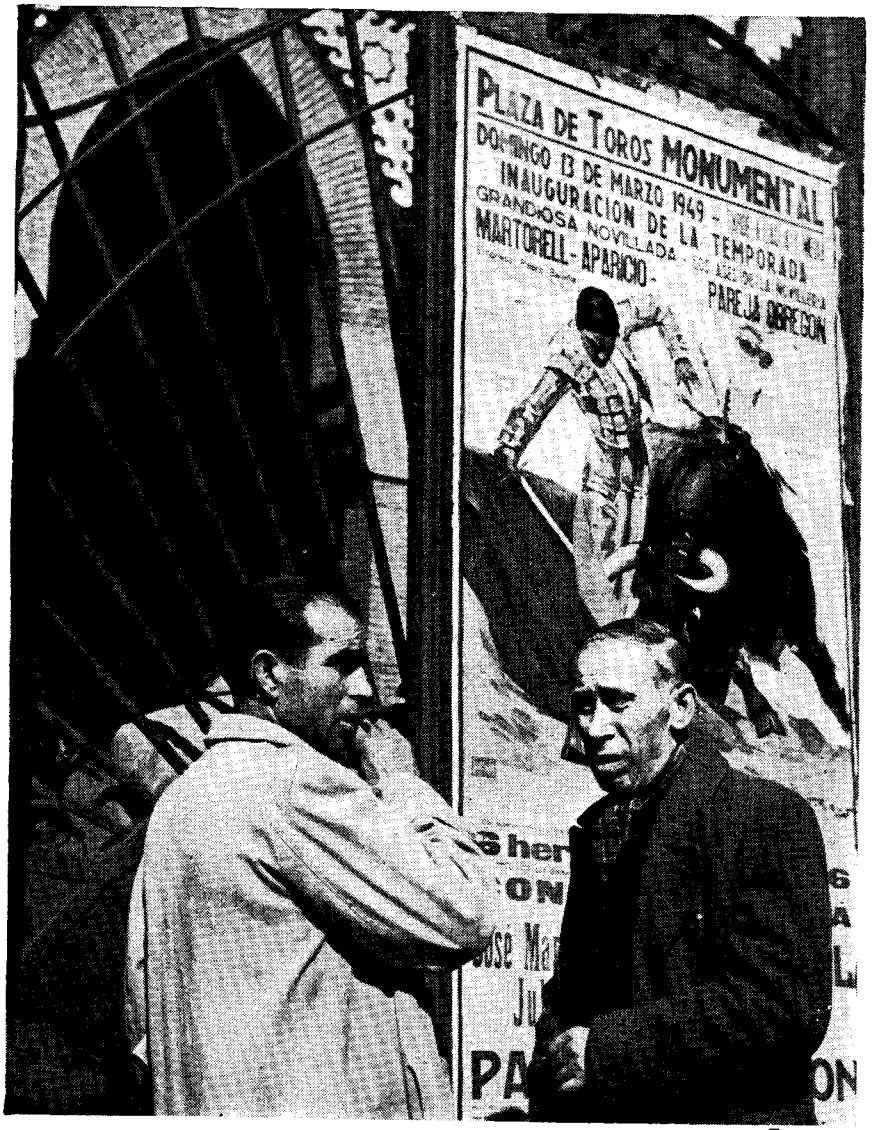

—*European.*

MADRID

By BARNABY CONRAD

SOMEONE has noted so well: If you can't stand food cooked in olive oil, or the most damnably irregular hours for eating and sleeping in the civilized world, or a total contempt for punctuality, then don't go to Madrid. However, if you would like the handsomest European capital outside of Paris, the most hospitable people in the world, and a charming fifty-years-behind-times atmosphere, then Madrid is the place for you, summer or winter.

Sacheverell Sitwell has written: "Perhaps no foreigner who has ever been touched by Spain is ever quite the same again." And Madrid *is* Spain; not the colorful picture postcard Spain that is Sevilla; nor the progressive, modern Spain that is Barcelona, but the true heart and soul of the country. Harder to know than the obviousness of Granada or Córdoba or Mallorca, it can be more rewarding when one really becomes acquainted.

What is there for the winter tourist in Madrid? It is true that Spain is famous and justly so for its spring and summer festivals, its bullfights, and its religious pageants. These more or less disappear from October until Holy Week. But the permanent attractions which have lured visitors for centuries to the Iberian Peninsula remain.

"Spain has within its borders," Sitwell writes, "some of the most beautiful and wonderful creations of the hand of man."

Some of the greatest of Spain are to be seen in or near Madrid: El Escorial, which is certainly one of the wonders of the world; the incomparable El Prado museum; and nearby the town of Toledo, whose own picturesque artistry competes with the attraction of its numerous El Grecos. Also, Madrid's being in the almost exact center of the country makes it a perfect base for excursions to the other wonders of Spain.

If the winter visitor goes to Madrid expecting a great variety of fashionable city life he will probably be disappointed. There is no opera for example, mainly because the Teatro Real opera house has been twenty years in the remodeling and doesn't show immediate signs of being completed yet. He may see some pleasant vintage light opera at the Teatro de la Zarzuela and there are some minor little theatre groups but nothing extraordinary. On Fridays high society likes to attend the Palacio de la Música to hear the national symphony orchestra and there are some horse races during the winter. There is always a *futbol* (soccer) match out at the Estadio Bernabeu which is passionately attended by as many Spaniards as can cram into the stadium, more so in winter since it is off-season for bullfighting.

Spaniards' main diversion in winter as at any other time is centered around cafes. Coffee, not wine, is the national drink of Spain and the average Spanish businessman drinks four to ten glasses of *café con leche* a day as he makes deals in his favorite cafe. They also manage to discuss a lot of life in the course of business, because in Spain the art of leisurely conversation is as important a part of living as it was in Boswell's day. The latest novel by Elena Quiroga might be under discussion, or the current bullfighting sensation (who is the son of the famed Chicuelo), or the new movie by the top star, Carmen Sevilla, or politics—always politics.

There are many different versions of cafe life in Madrid. Because of the American invasion since the war, soda fountains such as the "Californias" have sprung up all over Madrid. These feature *batidos* (milkshakes), *tortitas a la plancha* (pancakes), and *perros calientes* (hot dogs).

However, *the* place to go for High Tea is still the Embassy tea room where fashionable people have been going for years around six o'clock for that highly fattening institution

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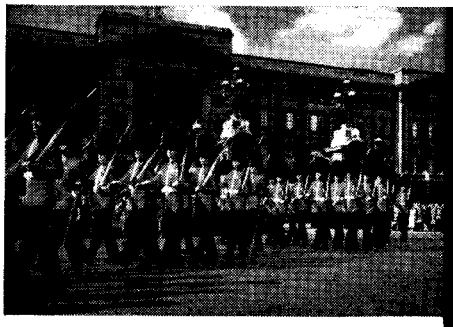
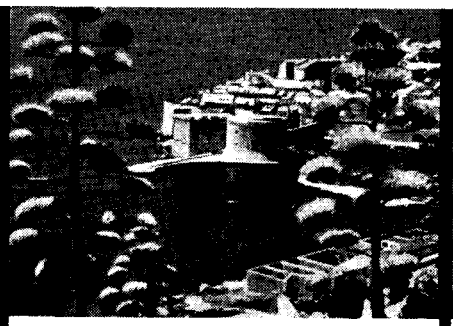
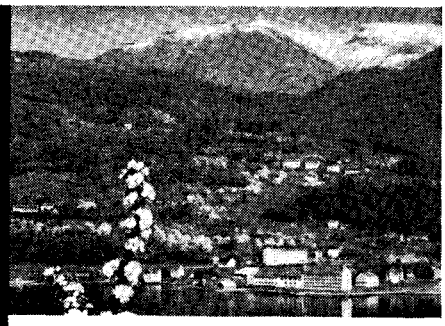


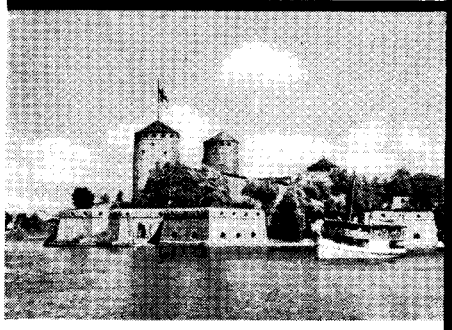
1. ☐ Changing of Guard, Stockholm, Sweden
☐ The Swiss Guards, Vatican City, Italy
☐ Changing of Guard, London, England



2. ☐ Port of Reykjavik, Iceland
☐ Walled City of Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia
☐ Castle Orth, Traun Lake, Austria



3. ☐ View of Hardanger, Norway
☐ Lake of Lucerne, Switzerland
☐ Harbor of La Condamine, Monaco

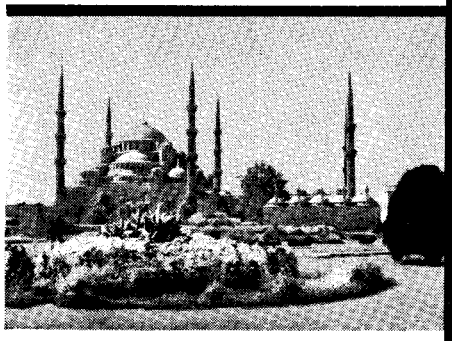


4. ☐ Ancient Vianden Castle, Luxembourg
☐ Olavinlinna Castle, Finland
☐ Tower of Belem, River Tagus, Portugal

can you identify these

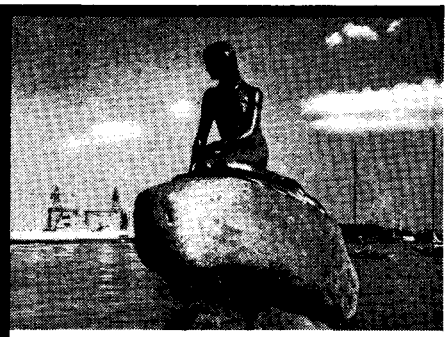
EUROPEAN VACATION

highlights?



5. ☐ The Mezquita (Mosque), Cordoba, Spain
☐ Chapel of St. George, Athens, Greece
☐ Sultan Ahmet Mosque, Istanbul, Turkey

6. ☐ The Old City, Amsterdam, Netherlands
☐ Canal Scene, Bruges, Belgium
☐ The River Liffey, Dublin, Ireland



7. ☐ The Lorelei, River Rhine, Germany
☐ Venus de Milo, Paris, France
☐ "Little Mermaid", Copenhagen, Denmark

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ANSWERS:

1. Changing of Guard, London, England. 2. Walled City of Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. 3. View of Hardanger, Norway. 4. Olavinlinna Castle, Finland. 5. Sultan Ahmet (Blue) Mosque, Istanbul, Turkey. 6. The Old City, Amsterdam, Netherlands. 7. "Little Mermaid", Copenhagen, Denmark.

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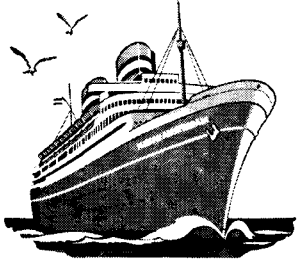

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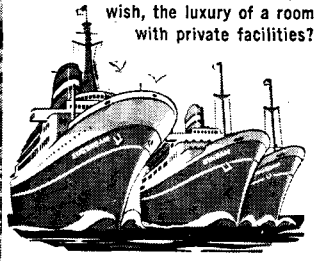
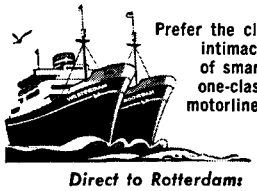


STATENDAM (New)
Nov. 8
MAASDAM
Oct. 28, Nov. 20
RYNDAM
Nov. 2†, Dec. 12†



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la merienda. (Dinner isn't served until around eleven so one has to have something to keep one going.)

Another institution is going to the Ritz hotel for a drink after Sunday mass and generally staying on for a multi-course lunch. Madrid has some fine restaurants, of which the Ritz and Horscher's are probably the best, plus the Jockey and Luis Candelas.

Nightclubs are plentiful with the colorful Villa Rosa and La Zambra being the most appealing to tourists since they specialize in flamenco singing and dancing. Others, such as Rex and La Parrilla, are like fashionable nightclubs anyplace else in Europe.

The winter weather of Madrid is not as cold as Paris nor as warm as Barcelona, but more like a nippier San Francisco. The heating often leaves something to be desired as do so many modern innovations. Spaniards themselves say about their country: *"No hay, no funciona, o mañana."* (Either there isn't any, it doesn't work, or come back tomorrow.)

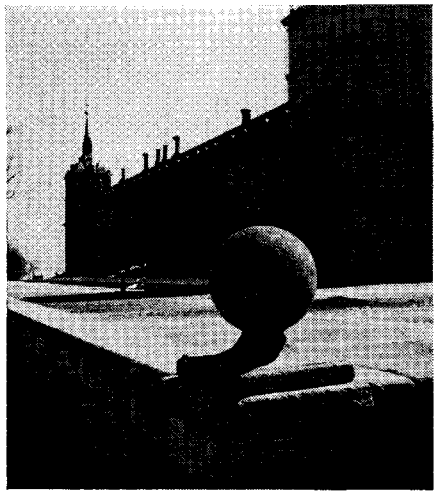
As for the appalling Spanish sense of time, Bacon said in 1625: "Let my Death come from Spaine; For then it will be sure to be long in comming."

There are certainly some inconveniences in Spain for the tourist if he goes expecting American standards throughout. But modernization is not what has attracted him. It is the colorful anachronism of the country and the chivalrous old worldliness of its people that he will remember the most deeply, not the plumbing.

Havelock Ellis wrote in "The Soul of Spain": "I should say that Spain is, in the precise and specific sense of the word, the home of romance."

And that is what you get in Madrid, winter *or* summer.

—Barnaby Conrad, author of the best-selling novel "Matador," is a writer, painter, and San Francisco pub-owner whose latest volume is "Gates of Fear."



—Dirreción General del Turismo.

El Escorial.

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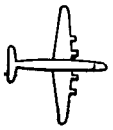
Fifth Annual Awards



TWO GRAND PRIZES—NOT JUST ONE AS BEFORE—PLUS 21 OTHER VALUABLE PRIZES AWAIT THE WINNERS OF SR'S 1957 WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS.

East Is East and West Is West

AND THE TWAIN MEET IN A CAMERA

For the first time there will be Two Grand Prizes—not just one as heretofore—in Saturday Review's Fifth annual World Travel Photographic Awards.

There will be a Grand Prize for the outstanding color picture.

There will be a Grand Prize for the outstanding black-and-white picture.

1957's Grand Prize winner for color will enjoy a never-to-be-forgotten flight across the Pacific to the colorful Orient, taking off from San Francisco for romantic Hawaii and exotic Japan.

There, the color winner will be the guest of the Japan Tourist Association for one week—with all expenses paid—during which he will see not only Tokyo, but the beautiful, fascinating cities of Kyoto, Nara and Nikko and the magnificent loveliness of Kegon Waterfall and Lake Chuzenji. On his own he can, of course, stay on as much longer as he wishes, assured of the helpful interest of the Japanese travel authorities.

1957's Grand Prize winner for black-and-white will fly across the Atlantic from New York to London for a memorable visit to the lovely land of Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth, the gateway to all of Europe.

These round-trip flights across the two great oceans, east and west, should provide the Grand Prize winners with a fresh treasure of memories and pictures.

There will be twenty-three awards in all for Saturday Review readers who have taken unusual pictures, in either color or black-and-white, during vacation or business trips abroad or at home during the past year.

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in The Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. The next Calendar, to appear January 11, 1958, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—leading color and magazine photographer.

Leopold Godowsky—Co-Inventor of Kodachrome.

John Morris—Executive Editor of the famous world-wide photographic service, Magnum.

Read The Saturday Review regularly for additional Award news.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white.

Deadline for entries is October 31, 1957. Send your entries on or before that date to:

PHOTO AWARDS

The Saturday Review

25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of The Saturday Review, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1956, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. Black-and-white photographs

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints no larger than 8 x 10, unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name, age, and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No black and white prints from color transparencies will be accepted. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted, but original negatives must be available when called for.

e. No prints will be returned.

4. Color photographs

a. Original mounted color *transparencies* must be *submitted (preferably mounted in metal or* cardboard, not glass).

b. Color prints are not eligible.

c. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and should be written directly on each mount.

d. Color stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

e. Transparencies not awarded prizes will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage.

5. The Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than six black-and-white prints and/or six color transparencies to this magazine's World Travel Photographic Awards Department. All pictures must be postmarked no later than October 31, 1957, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN TWELVE PICTURES, SIX IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner. Winning black-and-white pictures and color transparencies become the property of The Saturday Review.

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—*European.*

LONDON

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

IF I HAD a son who had never been abroad and, having touched me for fare and expenses, was planning to visit London, I would say to him "Go there in winter, my boy." Every city has its special season—Paris the spring, New York the fall—and the time to appreciate London is between December and March, when a cozy brown mist hangs over the streets and the sidewalks ooze with a perspiration of mud and water and you see through the haze the welcoming glow of the Bodega lamps, shining like harbor lights. (Not that I specify the Bodega to the exclusion of other and equally worthy hostelleries. All the pubs are good in England's metropolis.) London resembles the lady of whom Sir W. S. Gilbert wrote in "Trial by Jury" in being seen at its best in the dusk with a light behind it. And the great advantage of being there in winter is that you are not tempted to go away . . . up the river like the three men in the boat, down to Brighton for sea air, or off in your car to one of those stately homes in the country where the Earl or the Duke, if you slip him half-a-crown, will let you potter around and may even lend you a pencil to write "Kilroy Was Here" on the portcullis.

It is not all natives of the United States to whom the place makes an appeal. It was the unbiased opinion of the man from Emporia in George Ade's fable that London consisted of a vast swarm of melancholy members of the middle and lower classes of the animal kingdom who ate sponge cake with clinkers in it, drank tea, smoked pipes, rode by bus, and thought they were living. He said that you could tip anyone in London except possibly the Archbishop of Canterbury, and with quivering nostrils he heaped scorn and contumely on any race that would call a pie a tart.

But to an American like myself—

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more the suave, traveled type—there is an abiding fascination in London. I like to saunter hither and thither taking in its quaint sights . . . Whitehall, crowded with mysterious veiled women diffusing a strange exotic scent, on their way to the Foreign Office to steal Naval Treaties . . . Westminster, where the members of Parliament are a never-failing source of entertainment and amusement. (It is forbidden to feed them) . . . St. James's Street and its clubs, the smoking-room windows filled with motionless figures, several of whom have been dead for some days . . . Shepherd's Market, where Michael Arlen's heroines used to parade in green hats . . . Fleet Street, bustling with activity as the journalists—mostly members of the Jukes family—go about their work of getting stories for tomorrow's national daily papers. (For, odd as it may seem, papers like the *Daily Express* are not just Acts of God; they are published deliberately.

Speaking of the City brings back tender memories to me. In the autumn of 1900, a comely lad of some eighteen summers, I worked there—if you could call it working—in the Lombard Street office of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank. But if you are thinking how lucky they were to get me, you are wrong. Possibly because I was a dedicated literary artist with a soul above huckstering or possibly—this was the view more widely held in the office—because I was a plain dumb brick, I proved to be the most inefficient clerk whose trouser-seat ever polished the surface of a high stool. My total inability to grasp what it was all about made me something of a legend in the place. Years afterwards, when the ineptness of a new employe was under discussion in the manager's inner sanctum and the disposition of those present was to condemn him as the worst bungler who had ever crossed the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank's portals, some white-haired veteran in charge of one of the departments would shake his head and murmur "No, no, you're wrong. Young Robinson is. I agree, an almost total loss and ought to have been chloroformed at birth, but you should have seen P. G. Wodehouse. Ah, they don't make them like that nowadays."

One pleasant feature of London—this holds good of both winter and summer—is that human life is reasonably safe there. There are far fewer murders in London than in New York, though this may possibly be because good opportunities are being overlooked. The best place in London to go, if you want to be murdered, is probably Soho, that curious little section of the town that lies

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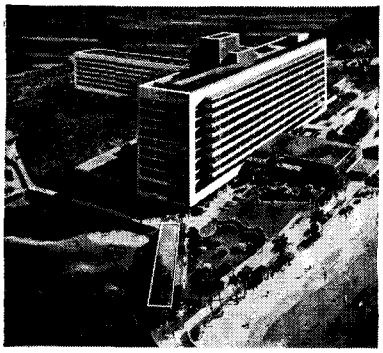

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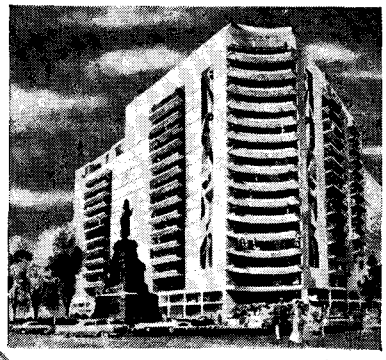

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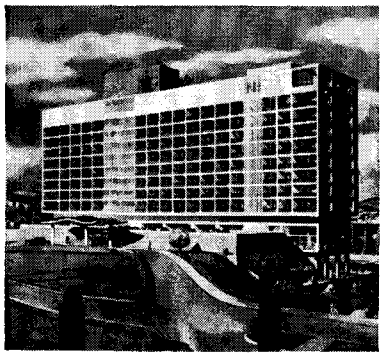

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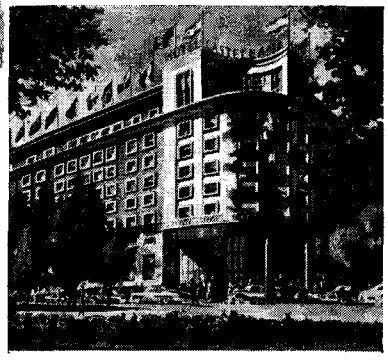

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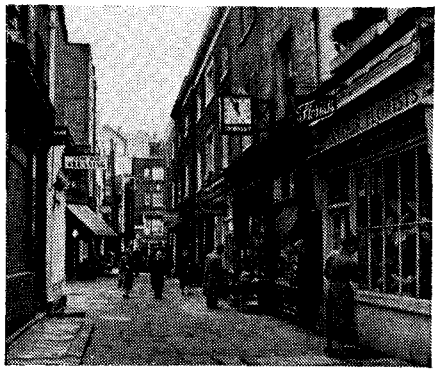
off Oxford Street, where you can generally find some gentleman with a blunt instrument willing to oblige. Ladbroke Grove, in the Edgar Wallace country, also provides excellent opportunities for getting your head beaten in. Limehouse, on the other hand, where the blues come from and where at one time only a man of exceptional ability and determination could avoid being knifed by one or more mysterious Chinamen, is now so respectable that if you cut anybody's throat eyebrows are raised.

That son of mine of whom I was speaking would, of course, if I were financing him, be doing his trip to London on the cheap and would not, like me, stay at the Ritz, the Berkeley, or Claridge's, lunching at Quaglino's or the Ivy, and dining at the Savoy Grille. He would, I imagine, live the life of a student. Each year 10,000 more students come to study in London, which is fine, if you like students. But the catch is that they are forced to live in what are called "bathless dwellings," where it is impossible to take a bath from one year's end to the other, with the result that after a month or two, if the wind is in the right direction . . . However, that is neither here nor there. There is no need to stress the purely physical. Still, it is interesting to know what causes those London fogs.

One great thing about London is that you cannot mistake it for any other place. There was an Italian gentleman not long ago who, alighting from the plane in New York, insisted against all argument that he was in San Francisco. This could not have happened in London. The authorities would simply have shown him the Landseer lions in Trafalgar Square.

"Look," they would have said. "Lions. Leeongze. Are there liongze like those anywhere else in the world." Of course, there aren't.

—Pelham Grenville Wodehouse is a newly-minted American whose studies of the English butler and other chilly types have convulsed a generation. His latest book is "The Butler Did It."



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PARIS

By FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

PARIS becomes itself in October. August tourists saw blocks of closed shops, a city half empty. September was a dribble of returning vacationists. Visitors from October on see *Paris.*

A Paris that's delightful in the taste of its constant novelties, in the liveliness of its intellectual give and take. The new fashions, the new perfumes, haven't had a chance to grow old. (Well-to-do women's clothes in Paris are clothes as they spring from their creators' imagination, clothes with the breath of life in them, not models edited by tired adapters on Seventh Avenue. The new plays open, and Parisians make up their own minds about them. The excellent newspaper *Le Monde* publishes some of the most intelligent criticism being written about the theatre today—the dramatic reviews by Robert Kemp. But Kemp and his colleagues don't make or break plays like their New York opposites: at dinner parties what you hear are discussions of the plays, not quotations from the reviews. The function of the Parisian review is to stimulate.

This is the time of year when discreet little *entrefilets* in the newspapers announce, without fanfare, the opening of new restaurants that may prove to be superb. It's fun to try them, to speculate whether they'll last. The mortality rate is high. If the ones new to Paris are disappointing, there's always an old one to try that's new to you, or one of your favorites to revisit. In the brisk autumn weather the oyster-openers are busy outside both Pruniers (rue Duphot and Avenue Victor Hugo), the Méditerranée in the Place de l'Odéon, and the superfine Rech in the Avenue des

—*Ewing Krainin.*

Paris outdoors—The Flea Market.

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Lucius Beebe (bless his little pocketbook) managed it for four highly memorable days. According to him, it's simple: you stay at the St. Regis, drink plenty of vintage champagne, eat *four* sumptuous meals a day and never take a taxi when you can hire a Rolls.

For the exhilarating details, read Mr. Beebe's *Spendthrift Tour of New York* in November Holiday Magazine.

Holiday also has something for those whose wallets (and appetites) are slimmer. It's a rollicking jaunt to Vermont where the scenery is breath-taking—and absolutely free. Purpose of the visit? A hard look at that fabled but very real character, *The Vermont Yankee.* Author and sometime Vermonter Henry Morton Robinson is your guide—and we're throwing in 19 full-color photographs!

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And *then* there's—but see for yourself. Get your November Holiday Magazine *today.*

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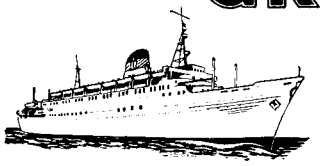

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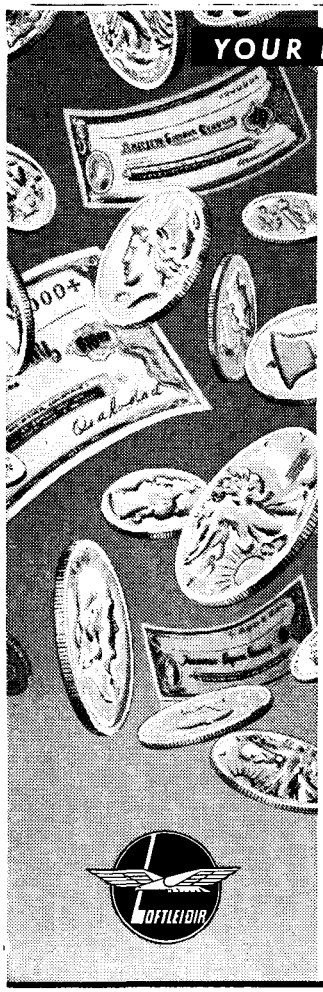

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Ternes: in all of them the brown bread, sliced paper thin and spread with sweet butter, is ready to serve with your Marennes and your Portugaises. Indeed, outside some of the humblest cafés stand oystermen. Under the arcades of the Place des Vosges glow the windows of the charming Coconasse, its interior as smartly seventeenth century as the square outside whose red-and-white houses have sheltered Richelieu, Madame de Sévigné, Victor Hugo, and Théophile Gautier. Just off the Place de la Bastille, at 2 rue de la Bastille, is the impeccable L'Escargot. Behind the Musée d'Art Moderne, on the quai des Etats-Unis, there's an unpretentious but dependable welcome for you at the Trois Maronniers. Don't disdain the old Coupole on the Boulevard Montparnasse. Do you know the little Lucien in the rue Surcouf?

IF you go to Paris now you'll be able to attend the *vernissages* of the new art exhibitions in the rue La Boétie, the Faubourg St. Honoré and the rue de Seine and the other little Left Bank streets. The biggest fall art event is the Salon d'Automne. Guest of honor this year—given a large room for himself alone—is veteran Jacques Villon, least well known of the big three (the other two, of course, being Braque and Picasso). Villon's latest canvases are rarely shown in New York (though there was an important retrospective exhibit of his work and of that of his brothers Marcel Duchamp and Raymond Duchamp-Villon last spring at the Guggenheim Museum). Even in Paris his dealer, Louis Carré on the Avenue de Messine, is known for his unusual trait of not being willing to sell or even show a Villon to just anybody, at whatever price. In addition to the pleasure of this new art there's the satisfaction of being able to enter the Louvre without finding yourself in a Grand Central Station at rush hour. You can stroll among the masterpieces at your own pace, your view unblocked by international hordes of group-travelers.

The weather? "*C'est la saison,*" as the Parisians say, which means that

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the weather is "seasonable." Don't expect the bright, crisp weather of our Indian summer. Paris is damper and greyer, though throughout the winter come mild and golden days. As the days grow shorter dusk can fall on an overcast Paris by four o'clock, and it's cozy to have the valet de chambre light the charcoal briquets in the fireplace of your hotel room, and sit there having your tea in the cheerful glow, watching the violet twilight creep over the city without.

Autumn is the season for a visit to Versailles, with the gold and russet leaves falling nostalgically in the *allées*, evoking generations of history and grandeur; and it is the season too for an excursion to the chateaux of the Loire, especially to Chenonceaux with its parterres full of fall flowers, and to Burgundy where the wine is best with pheasant and partridge. The autumn-morning sunshine is precious on the lawns of Bagatelle in the Bois. After a snowfall the Tuileries Gardens are an unforgettable sight; and the snowcaps on the statue of the Vert Galant and his horse on the Pont Neuf bring to life the most haunting city-scapes of Pissarro.

In December begin the lectures in the College de France, open to the public: Joseph Pommier may be discoursing on Baudelaire or on Literary Creativity, and René Huyghes on some Malraux-like theme such as "The Psychology of the Plastic Arts." The Wednesday afternoon receptions begin in the offices of the *Nouvelle Nouvelle Revue Francaise*: "Les Rédacteurs en Chef, Jean Paulhan et Marcel Arland, recoivent le mercredi, de 17 à 19 heures." Everybody interested in literature welcome.

And on the sunny sidewalk of the Place Vendôme, across the square from the Ritz, Marlene Dietrich strolls, or used to stroll, on a winter afternoon. Ah, Paris!

—Francis Steegmuller, who also writes under the names of Byron Steel and David Keith, is best known for serious analyses of French history and letters, the latest being "Grande Mademoiselle" and a translation of Flaubert's "Madame Bovary."

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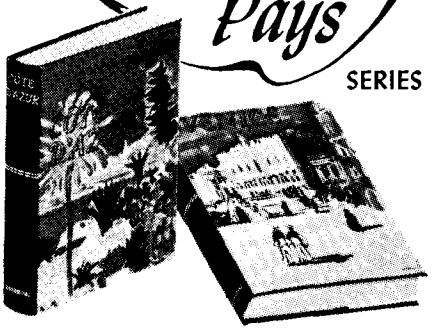

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ROME

By JOHN CIARDI

IN ROME, to do as the Roman does in winter is to get outdoors. Rome is a stone city; walls, floors, lintels, and all. Within those walls, moreover, few Americans will find anything they recognize as heat. They may recognize the supplement for *riscaldamento* on their hotel bills, but if they generate any heat over what will seem to them an obvious swindle on that count that is the only heat they are likely to get out of it—with an exception to be filed for the best of the luxury hotels. The Roman interior in winter is a series of stone-cold tombs in which no one lingers longer than necessary.

Outside, on the other hand, the Roman winter, despite some bad days, tends to smile. Whatever winter may blow from the rest of the compass, it takes no more than the ever-returning south wind from Africa to make any day of winter breathe of something like full spring. Immediately then the sidewalk tables fill up, the ladies are out walking coatless in the jiggling skin-tights that trademark Roman dressmaking, and the blades are out in shirt sleeves with their suit coats hooked over the shoulder by one finger.

And even when the other winds are blowing, one needs no more than a clear sky, a full sun, and a wall between him and the wind. My personal nomination for the original cellar of the Ice Age certainly would go to the sunless inner ramp of Castel Sant' Angelo in winter. Yet one has only to hurry through it to the upper courtyards to find in every sheltered pocket of sun a pool of summer. The little bar on the upper level is open, art students are crouched in sunny corners sketching away, and one could even work up a mild suntan were he to sit long enough.

The thing to do in Rome in winter, however, is not to lie around but to

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walk. Where sun and a windless corner combine there will be a *bar* or a *caffè* with outside tables, and one may pause as often as he pleases and as long as he pleases, but Rome is forever to the walker; and winter, second only to early spring (and with the advantage of a 3 per cent to 4 per cent increase in the dollar exchange during the offmonths), is the time for walking it.

For Rome is not a planned city, as is Paris. Paris is vistas, the effect is large scale, and though one will obviously miss much in seeing it by car he will still see enough to feel rewarded. Rome on the other hand is a haphazard maze with many of its real rewards hidden around obscure corners: a facade between two nothings, or a fountain tucked away behind the pushcarts, or a gate or a ruined fragment of a courtyard come upon unexpectedly, or a medieval brick tenement wall in which one can see, trapped in the brick, the columns and a piece of the pediment of a usurped temple, or an obelisk, or a statue group, or such a wonder as Piazza Navona—all suddenly come upon just around the bend from nowhere.

The brave may venture into the frozen stone interiors if they remember crêpe soled shoes and long underwear, and in any case one should do the round of the Christmas churches (relatively warmed by candles and the crowds) but, if possible, leave the inner stoneworks for another visit. Walk. Pack a picnic lunch and a bottle of wine and spend the day in the Forum, eating your lunch in the enclosure of the Vestal Virgins or in a ruined atrium up on the Palatine. Set aside a bright Sunday morning for the Flea Market (known to Romans as Il Mercato di Porta Portese) but get good instructions on how to find the rear end of the market, for not until he gets two miles back from Porta Portese itself will an American find anything he wants to haggle for. (You must haggle, sign language will do, and one-third or one-half the asking price is generally the price to hold out for.)

Above all, don't ignore the alleys. Plunge into the maze wherever you find an opening and keep going. It is never too far to a main avenue from which you can get your bearings again, and day or night you are perfectly safe in the darkest corner. Occasional hold-ups are heard of, but only very occasionally, and then without violence. There is, moreover, no juvenile delinquency in Italy. Forget MacDougall Street and Central Park: the Italians do not go in for violence-for-kicks.

And those alleys are rambling

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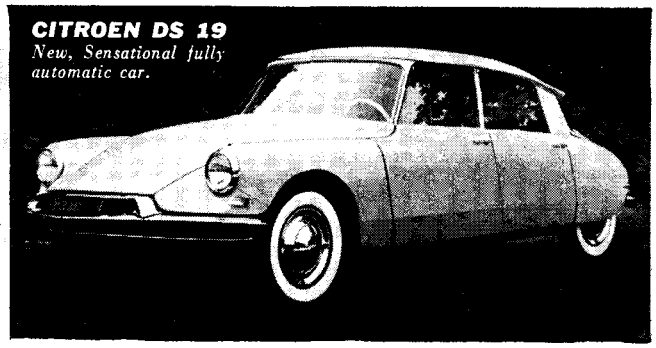

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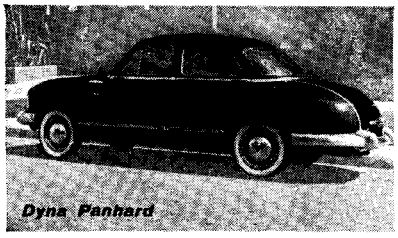

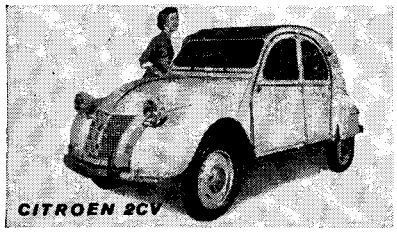

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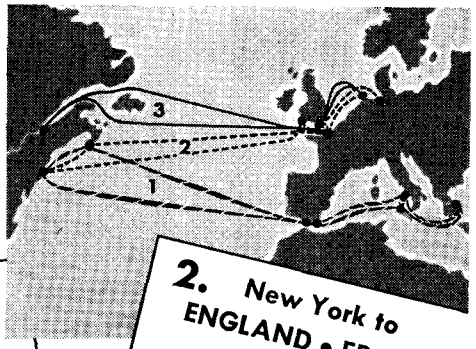

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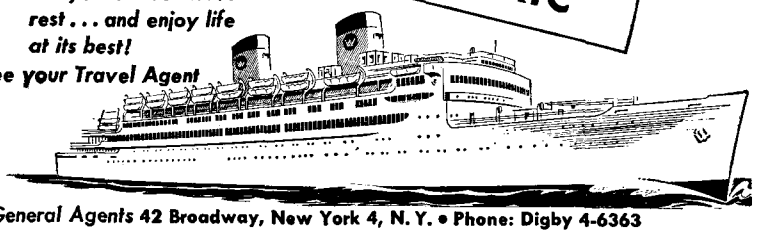

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warehouses of small wonders. Don't—especially—pass up the mazes between Piazza Navona and the Pantheon, those of Trastevere, nor those behind the Teatro di Marcello. You will want days for wandering the parks of Villa Borghese, the elegance along Via Veneto, the shops along the Corso, and more days (and nights) for the Capitoline. You can't avoid the Vatican, Piazza di Spagna, Piazza del Popolo. But you will also do well to drive out to the Foro Italico and to wander it, maybe to weep among the overblown Fascist monuments for what is forever tawdriest and most tragic in the Italian's idea of destiny and self.

The guidebooks can take care of your nights. And of your eating. But do not be afraid to venture beyond the guidebook suggestions or away from your fellow tourists. I personally can grow weary in short order of a diet of pasta, tomatoes, and olive oil. Of the guidebook highlights, I found Alfredo's the dullest and most meaninglessly expensive. When I found myself hungry for good meat (a hunger one can readily come by in Rome) I found my answer at Ernesto's in *bistecca di vitellone a la Fiorentina.* For sea-food I went most happily to a non-guidebook place called "Mare Nostrum," about a hundred yards up-alley from the Pantheon. Specialties of the house are a magnificent fish soup and an enormous variety of fish. You choose yours from a tray and it reappears half a bottle later.

FOR night life in general, there is the Opera's winter season. The Roman Company is adequate and not much more, but you will certainly want to observe the Roman at his formal front on opening night. (You will have to dress unless you want to try the gallery—which don't.) If you are hungry for a tourist trap you can try the "Florida," near Piazza di Spagna, but be it on your own head. On the other hand, you can night-club very well at the "Hostaria dell' Orso": drinks and dancing to a good enough band on the top floor, the lushest of the Roman-and-International strapless-gown set to look at, and a check that amounts to a happy surprise after New York.

Your hotel or American Express can arrange all that. They can also arrange rubberneck bus tours. And if you do not know Rome you would do well to take the tours for a first over-all view. But take a map along when you do, mark the places you want to return to more slowly and by yourself. And then get out and walk.

—John Ciardi, SR's Poetry Editor, has just returned from a year's stay in Rome at the American Academy.

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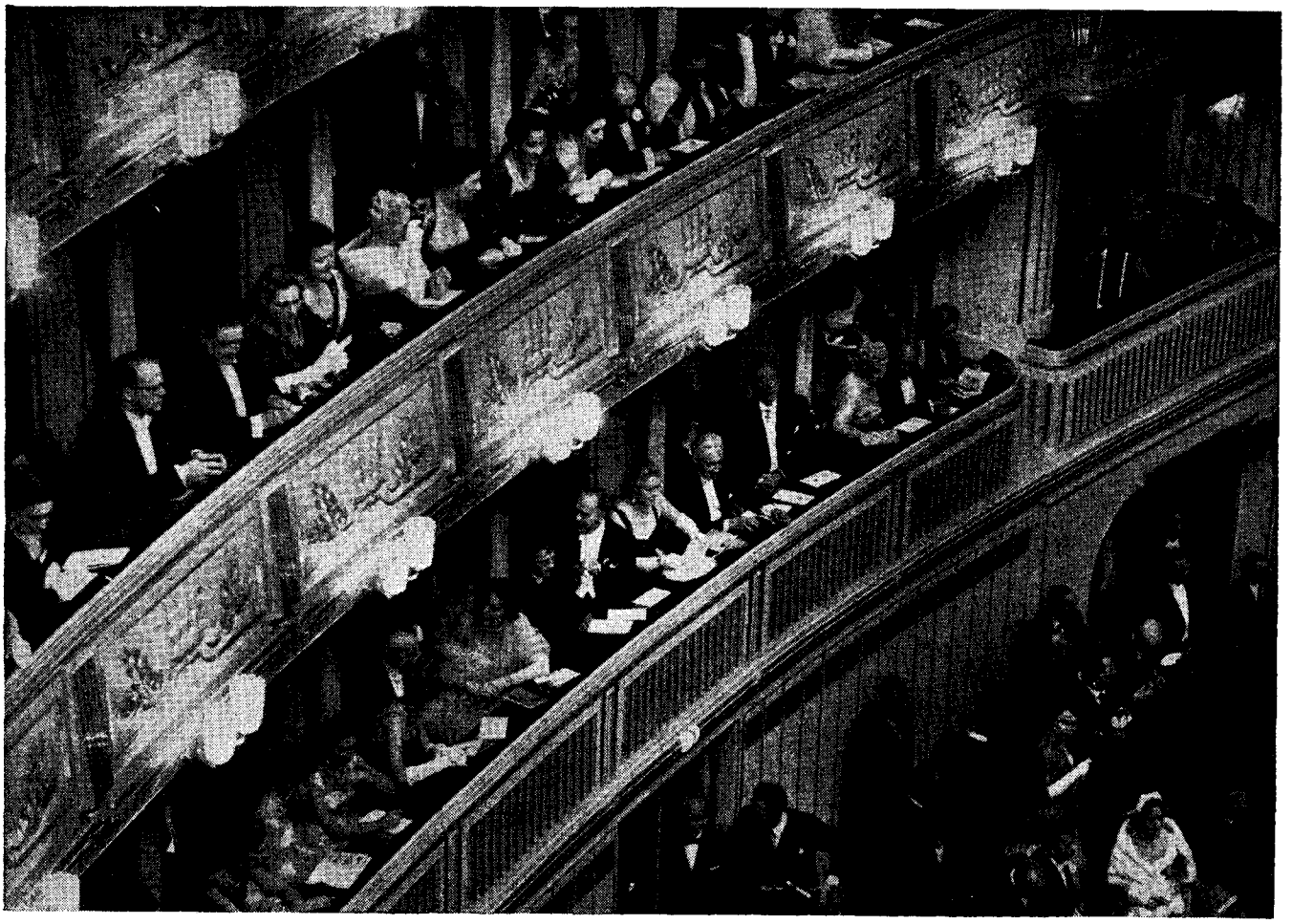
VIENNA

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

SOME people love Vienna best in the dead of winter, when the city's baroque grandeur and Gothic façades are screened by a slight haze that softens the contours and mercifully conceals the symptoms of elegant decay. Like the *pourriture noble* grapes of Château d'Yquem, Vienna is sweet, soft, and slightly overripe. Older people love the afternoons when it gets dark early and the squares, palaces, and monuments of Habsburg emperors stand silent under white curtains of softly falling snow flakes. That, the old-timers say, is the perfect moment for nostalgia and dreaming about a past that seems so remote now that some wonder whether it ever was. It is also the moment when everybody in Vienna who can afford it—and a great many who can't—go to their favorite coffeehouse to talk, read, or just sit and gaze into blue smoke over a cup of their favorite beverage: twenty-eight different shades from *Schale Gold* to *Kapuziner,* but always the flavor of fine coffee.

Vienna's main attractions are indoors: opera and music, whipped cream and *Wiener Schnitzel,* waltz and schmaltz. Even the great outdoors attraction—the *Heuriger* wine garden—is now an all-year-round business, and the new wine or what passes for it is served in well-heated, wood-panelled rooms, where the sounds of the zither or *Schrammel* players are interrupted by the *legato* laughter of the Viennese women. (If it's a *staccato* laughter, the Viennese tell you, it was probably a German or American woman.)

Opera, especially the Staatsoper, is the country's greatest tourist attraction. The State Opera performs every night, except on Christmas Eve. If you are there on a lucky evening, you may get the world's finest ensemble, the best opera orchestra—the Wiener Philharmoniker—and the most spirited—*stimmungsvoll*—atmosphere, at bargain rates (top price: $3). The house is always sold out and visitors are advised to write in ahead of time for reservations, giving specific dates and taking potluck. On a bad evening the performance may be pretty mediocre. At the nearby Redoutensaal, the former ballroom of the Imperial Palace, you may hear an evening of perfect Mozart. Con-



—*Erich Lessing—Magnum.*

Vienna's Staatsoper—other indoor attractions: whipped cream, *Wiener Schnitzel,* waltz, and schmaltz.

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—*Erich Lessing-Magnum.*

Coffee on top of the Hochhaus.

noisseurs of the lighter genre will hear good operetta, comic opera, and the local version of American musical comedy at the Volksoper. There are concerts, recitals, chamber-music evenings at the Musikverein with its acoustically famed great hall, and the Konzerthaus; the widely exported Saengerknaben perform every Sunday morning at the Palace Chapel; and there are fine concerts in many Viennese churches, performing the great Masses of Mozart, Schubert, Bruckner. The Burgtheater and Josefstadt Theater are among the best German-language theatres.

Winter is also the time of *Fasching*—Carnival—when the city becomes a fairyland at night and adults become thoroughly irresponsible. The *Fasching* starts around January 7 and lasts until Shrove Tuesday. Its motto is "Everything Goes," and its slogan is "Happy is he who forgets what cannot be changed," from Strauss's "Fledermaus." There are hundreds of balls, masked balls and artists' *G'schnasfests*, bakers' and chimney sweepers balls, white-tie affairs (like the Opera Ball and the Philharmoniker Ball) and dirndl balls, and there will always be another waltz. The Viennese waltz is the great levelling force locally; no one can escape its impact. And Vienna's peculiar *genius loci*, a subtle blend of artistic gift, personal charm, and shrewd commercialism, seems to thrive well in winter. Smiles are more genuine, prices slightly lower, rooms easier to get, shops less crowded. If you stay longer you may discover that there is more to the Imperial City than petit-point bags, Augarten

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porcelaine, embroidered blouses, Lippizaner horses, and the Rubenses and Bruegels, Rembrandts and Dürers at the Kunsthistorisches Museum.

There are the Vienna Woods, where you may ski practically at the terminus of the street-car line: Vienna is one of the few large cities on earth where skiing, bathing (at the Diana Bath), and perfect Mozart are all on the same day's program. There are the quiet, beautiful gardens of Schönbrunn. There is Vienna's baroque—in architecture, sculpture, paintings, music, and of course its way of life. There is the rococo interior of Schönbrunn, fine silver at the Hofburg, and a magnificent view from the Kahlenberg toward the March plains where, now as always, the Balkans begin. Don't forget that everything in Vienna is a synthesis, of East and West, of Red and Black, of classicism and modernism.

When you make your program for Vienna, reserve some time on the program for no program at all. Walk around, inhale deeply, and get a load of the atmosphere which everybody must discover for himself. You will probably wind up at Demel's, the world's greatest Konditorei, where the culinary tradition of Austria's great days are kept up as nowhere else. Demel must be seen and tasted to be believed. In front of the shelves filled with incredible pastries, cakes, Strudel and Torten all dietetic New Year's resolutions are forgotten and virtuous women have happily surrendered.

—Joseph Wechsberg, who writes from Europe for Holiday *and* The New Yorker, *is an expert on good food, good music, and* Mitteleuropa.

—Sedlacek.

The Burgtheater in the snow.

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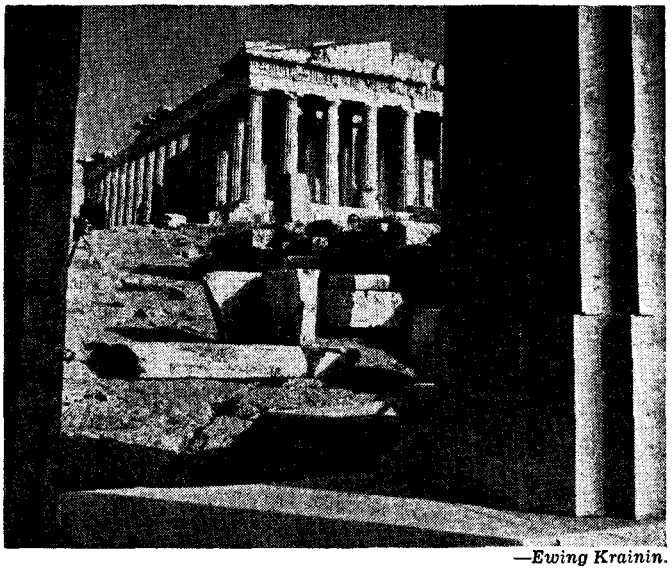

—Ewing Krainin.

ATHENS

By DUNCAN EMRICH

AT September's end in Greece there is the treading of the grape, and in April the roasting of the young lamb. Between the lamb and the grape is the summer when Athenians go to their islands—Hydra, Mykonos, Kos, Sifnos, Corfu; when tourists swarm the land traveling on foot, bicycle, and Vespa (the younger set), by CHAT busses, and by private cars or chauffeured limousine to the sacred places of the land—Delphi, Olympia, Epidaurus, Sounion; when the theatre and the now three-year-old Athens Festival are outdoors and all Greece is outdoors; and when the sound of the land is the shepherd's pipe and the gentle bells of the sheep on the hills, and along the shore the soft curl of the Aegean and Ionian seas and the song of the fisherman.

Between the grape and the lamb is the Mediterranean winter, the light fall, and the warming spring. The winter is not cold. There is snow north on the Macedonian frontier, on Mount Parnassos, and along the cruel ranges of the Peloponnesus above Sparta. There is scattered rain in Athens and Attica. But there is no day without its sun. This is the warm-cool time of the year when Athenians return to their city. The sellers of sponges, lavender, and jasmine disappear, and their place is taken on the streets by vendors of roast chestnuts at their charcoal braziers. The tourists have gone, except for the knowledgeable ones.

The knowledgeable know that any city comes into its own during its winter, that only then is it itself. One does not know a city unless one knows its winter. In every small city (the total population of Athens is 1,000,000) there is a meeting place, a center, a rendezvous for news and gossip and fellowship. In Athens it is the "G. B." the Grande Bretagne Hotel, comparable for all purposes of meeting and fellowship to the Mayflower of Washington, the Palace and St. Francis of San Francisco. In summer its lounges and bar swarm with visitors from Europe, the Near and Middle East, and America. During the winter the visitors in quantity depart and the Athenians return. The "G. B." is quieter. It is a time when William Faulkner can sit over *ouzo* with George Hadjistavrou, bookmaker for the Phaleron track, to discuss blooded horses, and when the intricacies of the Greek National Lottery are explained to Archibald MacLeish by Costa, the bartender. A time when the "regulars" are the oracles.

For the tourist the same relaxed feeling carries over to the museums. The busloads of earnest seekers are gone; the museums stand cool and relatively empty. On Queen Sophia Boulevard (the Embassy Row of Athens) there is the Benaki Museum and the Byzantine Museum, the first a great private collection of Greek folk craft (embroidery, costumes, jewelry, woodcarving) at its flowering perfection, and the second an historical record of Byzantine civilization with heavy emphasis upon the Church and particularly its icons which date from the earliest Byzantine period through the folk art of the nineteenth century. In the classical field there is, of course, the National Archaeological Museum on Patission Street with the great Mycenean finds of Schliemann and Papadimitriou, and the new museum of the Stoa of Attalos, the magnificent reconstruction completed in 1956 under the direction of the American School of Classical Studies in the ancient Agora, or Market Place, of Athens.

As for the theatre in Athens, it moves indoors beginning with October and remains under cover until June. Sophocles, Aeschylus, Euripides, and Aristophanes are left behind. To the visitor it is astonishing that none of their works are performed except in summer, but the answer is simple: "They wrote for the theatres of Epidaurus, Delphi, and Dionysios. The Herodes Atticus is also here, and there are the Theatres of Magna Grecia in Syracuse and Taormina in Sicily." Other countries are forced to perform the Greek plays on stages developed on the Elizabethan pattern; Greece preserves its classics for summer and the amphitheatres of its past.

IN WINTER the theatre turns to the relative present and this season's schedule is a full one. At the Royal Theatre, under the direction of Aimilios Hourmouzios, Katina Paxinou (who won her "Oscar" in Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls"), Alexis Minotis, Vasso Manolidou, Mary Aroni (now in Sweden studying "Hedda Gabler"), Thanos Kotsopoulos, and others of the permanent company will perform Shakespeare, Molière, Ibsen, Shaw, Lorca, and Christopher Fry ("Dark Is Light Enough"). Hartog's "Four Poster" and Terence Rattigan's "Separate Tables" are scheduled for the Lambetti-Horn Theatre with Elli Lambetti and Dimitris Horn in the leading roles and the direction by Paul Silbert, now in Athens. Charles Koun, whose work has been strongly influenced by the off-Broadway theatres and the Arena Stage of Washington, will produce Arthur Miller's "A View from the Bridge," Lorca's "Yerma," Anouilh's "Euridice," Ugo Betti's "Irene the Innocent," Berthold Brecht's "Mother Courage," and Tennessee Williams's "Summer and Smoke." The Greek Popular Theatre Group, newly formed this year under Takis Mouzenidis, plans the production at the Kotopouli-Rex of Dostoievski's "The Idiot," Lope de Vega's "Fuenta Ovejuna," and two Greek plays, "The Serenade of Zante" by Dionysios Romas, and "Captain Mihalis" by Nikos Kazantzakis. The leads will be Irene Pappas and Manos Katrakis.

Additionally the Logothetides comedy group, which this last spring suc-

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cessfully toured the United States performing in Greek chiefly for Greek-American audiences, will stage two comedies by Greece's leading satirists, Dimitri Psathas's "For God's Sake," "Just Between You and Me," and Spiros Melas's "Father, My Boy," the first a reckless account of the uproar occasioned by an inveterate purveyor of gossip and secrets ("just between you and me, eh?") and the second an account of a Greek-American-Texan damsel who is wooed in Athens by dowry hungry suitors. In the absence of her own parents she advertises for a "mother" and "father" to act as protectors and acquires a separated couple. The "father" immediately falls in love with her, the feeling is reciprocated, and when the real father appears on the scene it is "Father, My Boy!" Melas will accompany Logothetides in 1958 for his second tour. There is film material in these modern Greek farces, and a Hollywood scout could not do much worse in November than to visit Attica. Language in the purely Greek plays is no longer a barrier as a result of tourist pressure inducing the companies to print scene-by-scene summaries of the plays in English.

APART from the museums and the theatres there is a full concert season with the National State Orchestra performing every Monday evening at 10:30 (the hours of Greece are Mediterranean) bolstered by visiting soloists and conductors.

The musical arena in Athens will also be crowded with solo recitals by Greek artists and younger visiting artists from Europe and America, many of whom happily play the provincial cities of Salonika, Patras, Volos, Lamia, and Tripolis on their way up the ladder.

As of this writing also Athens looks forward to the visit of the José Limon Modern Dance Group from the United States in December and the Ballet Africain from French West Africa with Kate Fodeta in January. Gilbert Highet will be lecturing here on the tradition and art of Greek oratory in March or April (no coals to Newcastle from such as he), and, if last year is any measure, we may expect American dramatists, poets, novelists, and painters as well. Some of them coming to work, others, like the new tourists, to see what lies beyond France and Italy.

For those who may not give two hoots about concerts and theatre (and even for those who do, *homo sum*) the Phaleron race track is open all winter with racing every Thursday and Sunday. The *tavernas* of old Plaka at the foot of the Acropolis provide traditional food—*taramosalata*, squid, dolmas, spitted lamb—and the wild haunting music of the *bouzoukia*. The period of fashionable balls and dances, chiefly for charity, opens in late November and runs through the Carnival Season. These balls are given in the downtown hotels—the G. B., the King George, the Athenée Palace—and at the Tennis, Yachting, Race Track, and Riding Clubs. They are largely open to any charitable ticket holder, although some few are by invitation, and provide the visitor an opportunity to see and meet Athenians.

And last but not least, there is the Acropolis, seen from virtually all parts of Athens, and at its majestic best when the Parthenon is floodlit at night—on national holidays and at the full of the moon. Then it appears to float in the heaven above its city, eternal, the marble soft as light.

As Faulkner put it when he received the medal of the Greek Academy—"When one visits Athens, one visits the source of light."

—Duncan Emrich, former chief of the Folklore Section of the Library of Congress, is cultural attaché of the U. S. Embassy, Athens. Latest book: "The Cowboy's Own Brand Book."

—Storer Lunt.

The True Light

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following address was given by the American classicist, Miss Edith Hamilton, on August 8, 1957, in the amphitheatre under the Acropolis, where she had just been decorated by King Paul of Greece and made honorary citizen of Athens.*

By EDITH HAMILTON

IT IS impossible for me to express my gratitude for the honors shown me. I am a citizen of Athens, of the city I have for so long loved as much as I love my own country. This is the proudest moment of my life. And yet as I stand here speaking to you under the very shadow of the Acropolis a deeper feeling rises. I see Athens, the home of beauty and of thought. Even today among buildings the Parthenon is supreme; Plato's thought has never been transcended; of the four great tragedians three are Greek. We are here to see a performance of the "Prometheus." In all literature, Prometheus is the great rebel against tyranny. It is most fitting that he should be presented to the world now, in this period of the world's history, and here, in the city of Athens. For Athens, truly the mother of beauty and of thought, is also the mother of freedom.

Freedom was a Greek discovery. The Greeks were the first free nation in the world. In the "Prometheus" they have sent a ringing call down through the centuries to all who would be free. Prometheus, confronted with the utmost tyranny, will not submit. He tells the tyrant's messenger, who urges him to yield, "Go and persuade the sea-wave not to break. You will persuade me no more easily." That is the spirit Greece gave to the world. It challenges us and we need the challenge. Greece rose to the very height not because she was big, she was very small; not because she was rich, she was very poor; not even because she was wonderfully gifted. She rose because there was in the Greeks the greatest spirit that moves in humanity, the spirit that makes men free.

It is impossible for us to believe that of all the nations of the world, Greece was the only one that had the vision of what Saint John in the Gospels calls "the true light," which, he adds, "lighteth every man who cometh into the world," but we know that she was the only one who followed it. She kept on—on what one of her poets calls "the long and rough and steep road." Therefore, her light was never extinguished. Therefore, we are met tonight to see a play which has lived for 2,500 years. In those years the Greeks have been outstripped by science and technology, but never in the love of the truth, never in the creation of beauty and of freedom.

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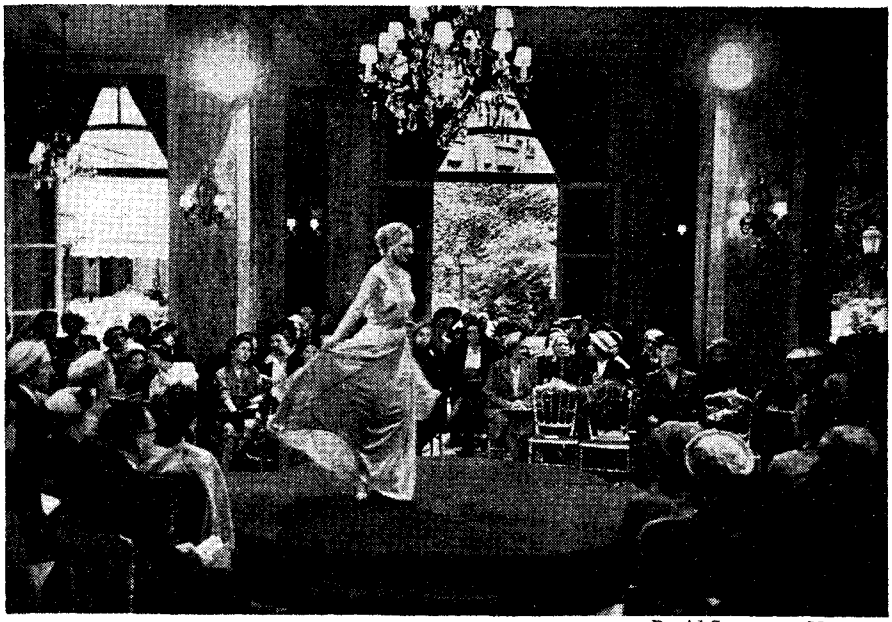

—*David Seymour—Magnum.*

HOW TO BUY A DIOR

By EUGENIA SHEPPARD

IF YOU'RE bent on exploring those gilt-chair, pale-grey Paris salons, in which the couturiers dwell, don't think you can just stroll in casually. That vague old American business of "I'm just looking" doesn't get by for a minute in France.

Find out first of all what the current fashion season in Paris is. This may have little or nothing to do with the time of year, since fall and winter collections are shown in midsummer and warm weather clothes are launched in January. Between times there are semi-events called midseason collections, so that some kind of performance is almost always going on.

It might be well for you to have the concierge call—say Dior's salon—to ask what time you can see the collection. This step will save harrowing moments over the telephone with a high-pitched voice at the other end that never heard of the Junior League or the city you come from. A call from the hotel will also assure the fashion powers that you are a guest in good standing and with purchasing power backed up by the concierge.

Don't miss a chance to see Dior's collection. It's as high-powered, romance-packed a production as a Broadway musical any day. Dior's salon has seen more Americans and understands them better than most salons in Paris.

At the fashion holy of holies, Balenciaga's salon, you get a fishy-eyed stare and the feeling that the police may be called any minute to oust you out of your chair. To look at the clothes, worn by all the world's best-dressed women, is a great experience, though, and a must for anybody who wants to talk fashion intelligently.

If there's time, try to see Hubert de Givenchy's collection, one of the controversial kind that every woman either loves or hates. Guy Laroche and Pierre Cardin are the young designers whose smaller, less elaborate collections have had lots of publicity lately.

Before ordering a dress, it's a good idea to sit twice through your favorite collection. This is a habit you'll share with the women who spend the most time and money on clothes. After the second round you are ready for a *vendeuse,* to whom you present the list of twenty-five numbers you can't live without.

When they arrive for closer inspection, the subject of price comes up. Buying a Paris dress is more like a real estate transaction. The first price is for the asking. After the initial shock, both parties settle down to a polite dickering.

Some houses, like Balenciaga, are notoriously flint-hearted and the most you can hope for there is a twenty-five or thirty-dollar reduction. Fifty dollars is average expectancy at most houses but, if it's your lucky day,

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your *vendeuse* may chop as much as 100 dollars from the original price. (In this case there will be a certain amount of face-saving like an alternate fabric, shorter sleeves, or no belt.) Persuasive arguments are your wealthy friends, the personal publicity you can give the dress, or your promise to become a steady customer.

All made-to-order clothes start at a minimum of about $500—a state of affairs that holds true in American salons, too. Many of the young Paris salons are as expensive as the established ones, so the best bargain is probably to aim for a famous label.

A deposit is expected when you order a dress. Usually it's a quarter or a third of the price. If you can pay in American dollars this will automatically reduce your bill.

Human nature being what it is, the making of a Paris dress consumes two to three weeks. However, if pressured, all the salons are equipped to turn out almost overnight jobs.

Usually there are three fittings. The first is sheer tragedy.

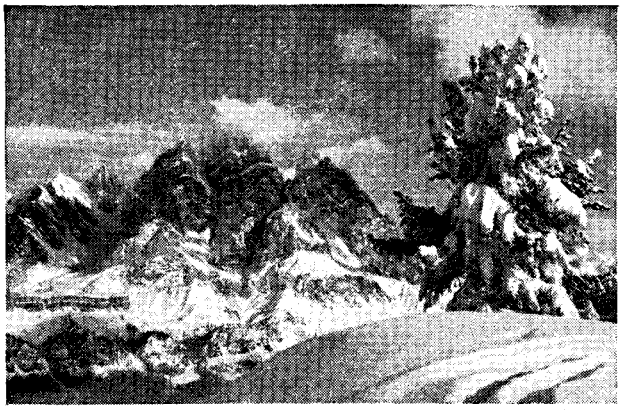
At the final and happy fitting, be sure to leave a gift (monetary) with the fitter. Anything from ten to twenty-five dollars will sweeten your return immeasurably. Remember—no matter how divine the dress and the designer, it's the fitter who makes it yours. A tip to the *vendeuse* depends on the degree of her hauteur. Sometimes it's safer to send candy or flowers, which seem to mean more to the average Frenchwoman than to a spoiled American.

If the whole business of a made-to-order dress sounds too time consuming, don't forget the *boutiques*. Every designer has one on the ground floor of his salon these days packed with, if not his most avant garde fashions, at least the hits of his season before. If you have seen the big collection upstairs, it makes it easier to pick the right thing and even sometimes to spot a little number that may be the designer's trial balloon for next season.

Boutique shopping can be quite a game. Everything is ready to wear and prices are comparable with American specialty shops.

Of course, you can spend your time at the Louvre and the Flea Market and never go near the salons. There are always those line-for-line copies of Paris imports that you can pick up in American stores (size 10 and charge it, please) the minute you land.

—Eugenia Sheppard, one of fashion's sprightliest writers, is Woman's Feature Editor for the New York Herald Tribune *and visits Paris every year to report on its* haute couture.



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TWO ON THE LONDON AISLE

By ALAN DENT

LONDON.

THEATRE-GOING in London is cheaper and easier than it is in New York. Ticket agents and box-office clerks won't recoil in amazement at any sort of request these days. For the most part they are only too glad to comply, for the reason that there is a persistent impression that the living theatre is doomed, and that box-offices—like the theatres behind them—may not be in existence by the year 1960.

Top prices for the best seats, the stalls, cost between two dollars and three. The latter figure is considered "a bit steep." It is what you must pay to see the season's biggest success which is Laurence Olivier in "The Entertainer." (Not—emphatically repeat NOT—"The Entertainer" with Laurence Olivier, since this play without this actor would be like a revival of your David Belasco's most minor effort in the way of back-stage entertainment.) This is the nearest thing we have to offer as counterpart to the excruciatingly tedious success of "My Fair Lady." But it is even less easy to see, because its run is necessarily limited.

Other well worthwhile things likely to be still prospering in mid-October are Paul Scofield in "A Dead Secret" (for this is another case of an actor soaring excitingly above his material, like a flowering plant out of a flowerpot) at the Piccadilly Theatre; "Flowering Cherry" with Ralph Richardson and Celia Johnson at the Haymarket Theatre; Shakespeare's "The Tempest" with John Gielgud at the Drury Lane Theatre; and the Australian play at the New Theatre, "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll" (which practically every critic has raved about except this one).

For nearly everything else the American visitor to London can take a chance—meaning he or she can most likely obtain seats at the box-office very easily, even on the very day they are wanted. (We go on "nursing" half-successful plays, and quite often they are deserving of encouragement, otherwise quite intelligent and practised people would not have staked money upon them.) This chance-taking applies also to the regular Shakespeare at the Old Vic Theatre. But for the Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon it is wise to ask for reservations well ahead and very unwise to trust to luck at the box-office. The season there ends on November 30. It would be crass misbehavior to go there without seeing Peggy Ashcroft in "Cymbeline." It would, in my opinion, be crass behavior to go to Europe at all this fall without seeing this.

The habit of raising the curtain at 7:30 P.M. (instead of 9:00 P.M. as in Paris or New York) seems to have come to stay, and as a result theatregoers no longer have evening dinner. They have a snack before, and a sup (usually at home) afterwards. Late hot suppers are only for the very opulent, and even so are unobtainable at places outside London, including Stratford-on-Avon. Pre-

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theatre dinners are available most places, and it is just as well to take them when offered, even if they tend to make you comatose at the play.

There is, though, a newish custom of giving a play twice on Saturdays—at 5:00 or 5:30 P.M. and at 8:00 or 8:30 P.M. If you are desperate for both the play and a supper afterward, ask especially for the early performance. If you must eat comfortably before, aim for the later performance (though it is usually much the more in demand). This double-showing-on-Saturday system is on the increase.

Let the mood now be imperative. Don't look for or ask for ice anywhere, in or out of the theatre. (There is an erratic supply chiefly because of the American demand. But you are far more likely to be told—as I was told the other day by an Irish barmaid—"We have some, but it's melted!") Make a rush to the theatre-bar at the intermission if you must have refreshment. (The bars are nearly all too small and too understaffed.) But don't pay anyone in the theatre more than you are asked to pay. (It is your American generous way of saying "Keep the change" that has practically ruined service in Britain, Europe, Asia, Africa, and—I should think—Greenland.)

In the theatre you pay sixpence or a shilling for your program, and a similar sum to a harpy who will secrete your coat and hat if you do not—more wisely—place these under your seat. But to tip—*id est*, pay extra money—to anyone in the theatre (whether box-office attendant, program-seller, usher-in or usher-out, is simply not done in the British theatres). It is—remember the word and live up to it—UN-ENGLISH. You might just as well tip the orchestra, the theatre-manager in the foyer, or the hovering policemen.

To be overgenerous is to be un-English, and in the theatre, as everywhere else, to be un-English in England is as ill-advised as to be un-American in America. This may sound silly, but it is worth thinking over, as some Dutch sailors found out when they were hauled up before a magistrate for being drunk and disorderly in an English seaport the other day. The magistrate reproving and dismissing them with a caution said "Your conduct, please note, has been un-English." Their spokesman arose and apologized for his colleagues saying, "Our conduct has been un-Dutch also!"

—Alan Dent is the drama critic of the London News Chronicle, *movie critic of the* Illustrated London News, *and author of "My Dear America."*

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FAR FROM IMPRESSED

EDUCATIONAL TV (*SR* Aug. 31) leaves me far from impressed. To spend most of the money of a school or foundation on a gadget, not to spend it in the creation of a new education for tomorrow reminds me of the clamor for more physical scientists to destroy man rather than scientists to build a home for man. Eve Arden said that television is a gadget to make yesterday's movies seem modern. Is *SR* so certain that television is the answer? Nothing you have said, no facts you have presented indicate that television helps young people to think, to think more clearly and creatively for the tomorrows that may never come. What has happened to *SR*'s critical insights in education?

FREDERICK L. REDEFER,
professor of education,
New York University.

New York, N. Y.

BEAT OR FAKE?

I SUBMIT that Jack Kerouac's "beat" generation is as spurious as the claim that Kerouac is a present-day Thomas Wolfe. I take no issue with the "beat" generation's vain pursuit of primitive ecstasy. (In "On the Road" the narrator admits his spiritual and physical inadequacy to capture this elusive target. He wistfully wishes he was a Negro.) When, however, these birds arrogate a useful objective to their bizarre amalgam of mud and phoney intellectualism, they earn nothing more than a big yawn.

We can now define a "beat" character as a pseudo-existentialist with hillbilly propensities who took a year of college with a ninth-grade mentality and rages at the promptings of a tenor sax without knowing why.

W. B. WEBBER.

Cleveland, O.

FIAT CIARDI

IN THE BEGINNING was the Word, and the Word was with Ciardi, and the Word was Ciardi!

FLORENCE M. CAWTHORNE.

Bath, N. Y.

OPEN LETTER TO JULIAN HOAXLEY

DEAR HOAX: "It's downright sneaky of you ["The Religious Outlook," *SR* Sept. 28] to make so much fuss about the number 5 definition of religion (as it appears in my aging Webster's Collegiate) while giving us the impression, by your grand manner, that it's the first meaning—the one that says that religion is the service and adoration of God—that has caused you to start brooding so. I'll bet you my next six issues of *SR* that if you had opened your article with the statement that religion is the service and adoration of God, you would have had nothing to say after that. Now why don't you be a good boy and go back and apologize to God? Tell Him the truth: tell Him that you've had it mighty good up to now, and you just wanted to find out how badly off a man is when he tries to go it alone without Him. Don't worry about it, Hoax; He's got a terrific sense of humor.

JOSEPH BIBIK.

Detroit, Mich.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I simply cannot accustom myself to the tempo of modern travel. To think that I left London only two months ago and here I am in New York."

SR SANS JUMPS

IT IS FRIDAY NIGHT . . . *SR* night. With the week's work done, I kick off my shoes, put up my feet, and relax. I leaf through *SR* until someone beckons . . . the author of the lead article . . . a book reviewer . . . or a reporter with a communique from the battlefront of the latest Ciardi gigantomachy. I commune happily for a few moments and then, *you,* Mr. Editor, interrupt with a "Continued on page . . ." line. If I wish to continue my conversation with your contributor I must blunder through the unexplored back hallways until I find him again.

I have heard that some magazines use this technique to drive the reader through the advertising section. I don't think that is why you use it.

I don't know *why* you use it.

I wish you wouldn't.

RUTH E. WELCYNG.

Delanson, N. Y.

BACK TO SANITY

THANKS TO *SR* and Hollis Alpert for "The Return of Carl Foreman" (*SR* Sept. 28). It is a welcome beam of undistorted light over an area that has kept more than 250 filmwriters, directors, producers, actors, and technicians in shadow for ten years. A favorable decision by the Supreme Court on the upcoming blacklist case will have a vital effect far beyond restoring the civil rights of these few hundred people. How it will re-invigorate the democratic tradition in America can best be appreciated when it is known that the number of non-conforming U.S. citizens listed as "subversive" in the records of the investigating committees—educators, scientists, artists, physicians, and trade unionists whose work-status is either threatened or has been destroyed—is over 800,000.

LESTER COLE.

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEFENSE OF PASSION

NOBODY, BUT NOBODY will care what I think about James Gould Cozzens's book "By Love Possessed." Why should they? But it is my theory that each one of us is somewhat possessed. The critic must be possessed with the delusion that he is an objective, rational viewer of the craft; therefore a book magnificently executed, the thesis of which is the superiority of rational objective man, inevitably brings forth unanimous praise. Myself, I am on the side of feeling. It seems to my muddled mind that genius is possessed not so much by reason as passion. Without that there is no magic. Mind you now, I do NOT care for the stuff fed mass media to keep emotions charged! *But*—is there much merit in men who whore and cheat and lie and steal because they do so totally without passion?

FLORA STROUSSE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

" . . . and death shall have no dominion"

IF THE theatre is the temple in which we recapture the wonder and pity of life, then no work could more exactly fill it than **"A Boy Growing Up."** Devotedly pieced together from the late Dylan Thomas's prose works by another Welshman who never met him, the evening's "memory jaunt" relives on the stage, as it might not in the library, moments the poet felt would outlast his poems. Two children splashing their feet off a rock at low tide as one tries to make the other forget the death of his brother; the commonplace way a child can describe such a violent event as someone being hit over the head with a china doll; the compulsion to walk alone at night on empty streets; or the look of a plain girl's pretty eyes behind a pair of eyeglasses. All these are part of the wonderland the poet reveled in.

Whether or not this is the truth of Dylan Thomas's life is of secondary importance. It is the truth of "A Boy Growing Up" as adapted and performed by Emlyn Williams. Mr. Williams, whose keen sense of theatre sometimes leads him into being merely theatrical, has filled this production with love for the words of a poet from his own birthplace. He enters a stage bare except for a dining-room chair and a folding screen on which is traced the signature, "Dylan Thomas." He carries under his arm notebooks such as those the poet used to write his poems in. Preserving a characteristic gaucheness, he sets about enacting not the adult Thomas but all the characters in each of the stories. Using every bit of the technique which served him so well in his retelling of Dickens's tales, he creates different persons with a slight change of inflection or expression. When he wants us to laugh he can make us do so with a superb piece of timing, or a sudden dropping of the voice. He flaps his arms, hops up and down, struts about colorfully on occasion, but he never indulges in pantomime for its own sake, and is careful to have such constant concern for what happens next that we the audience stand as does he in the center of the story.

He tells us of the "Swansea museum which should have been *in* a museum"; of the annual men's outing on which all the members drank so much they changed color; of a fight which led him into a supper where "Reverend Bevan blest our repast as if he didn't like the food at all"; and of a schoolmaster who remembered him as having been thirty-third in trigonometry, and (with a tiny derogatory laugh) as having edited the school magazine. But the two most effective pieces are "Just Like Little Dogs," which capsulizes the pathos of an accepted mismarriage, and "Adventures in the Skin Trade." In the latter we see the seventeen-year-old leave Wales for London, where he hoped in a vague way to live on women and to write for one of those magazines with a circulation of seventeen contributors and a woman who once knew Kafka's aunt. Mr. Williams makes hilarious a growing set of incongruities having to do with holding a conversation in a second-hand furniture shop with a man who has to keep bouncing up and down on a mattress in order to see him. And later this grows into an even more absurd situation in which a girl is trying to persuade him to take a bath with her in some cold and dirty bathwater on top of which floats a rubber duck.

However, it isn't until the last few moments that Mr. Williams pulls the whole evening together by affirming Dylan Thomas's immortality *during* life. Echoing the poem, ". . . and death shall have no dominion," he moves offstage leaving the notebooks behind on the chair. The stage is empty of everything except the glowing radiation of Dylan Thomas's ephemeral existence.

THE late Nathanael West has not been so fortunate. His 1933 novel **"Miss Lonelyhearts"** was a superb exercise in cynicism, but the Howard Teichmann adaptation falls between being either a faithful presentation of the bitter original or being much of a play. Mr. Teichmann's mistake was to try too hard to do both. For this series of fragments, in which Mr. West showed how illusions and social conventions are absurd conveniences for the surreptitious practice of our basest motives, is as weak in its potential for conventional dramatic development as it is strong in dramatic ironies. The story of how a young idealistic reporter writing the Miss Lonelyhearts column is gradually driven insane by his correspondents' suffering is hard to do much with onstage.

Under the circumstances one can hardly blame the actors. Pat O'Brien's fast-talking portrayal of the tough-minded feature editor contains, nevertheless, some fine vitriolic bombardments. What should be salvaged from this production is Jo Mielziner's ingenious use of projected settings in such a way that the actors can move between and around the flats, against which various slides are projected, instead of merely acting in front of a single illuminated background.

—HENRY HEWES.

Pygmalion

By Robert Friend

"WHOM does he love?" the goddess cried,
summoned to form by art alone.
"He loves himself in what he's made.
Then let him love this heartless stone."

Poised on her pedestal of snow,
her beauty charmed him into sighs.
He thought he heard her rivers flow,
a murmuring rumor in his thighs

Sadly he learned her stony mood,
laying his breast against her breast.
Not all the stratagems of blood
could flush her marble as he pressed.

Not all his art he held too dear
could summon breath and flesh the bone.
Rage danced him like an ape or bear
and tossed him rageless on the stone.

And as he lay, where rage had leapt
tenderness flowed, a flood so strange!
Drinking his brimming lips, she wept,
forgave and knew the mortal change.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Chair-Borne to Hunza

IT IS now just five years since Lowell Thomas and his Cinerama cohorts introduced the ultra-wide screen to movie audiences, touching off a revolution that has affected not only screen shapes but film widths, sound systems and, more basically, film techniques. It is a revolution that still goes on—goes on, it would seem, everywhere except in Cinerama itself. Certainly **"Search for Paradise,"** the latest Cinerama travelogue, offers no more than a reiteration of the simple truths uncovered the first time out. It is still exciting to race with the camera down a steep incline or over a choppy waterway, to feel the tilt of the horizon in the pit of your stomach as a plane banks for a turn, or to watch a peaceful valley spread its beauties before you as you skim swiftly past its trees and fields and fences.

Perhaps this new film has the added virtue of being a bit more homogeneous than any of its predecessors. The cameras are trained, for the most part, on the remote regions north of India—Hunza, Kashmir, and Nepal—which preserve the color and culture of a bygone era. But apart from the natural wonders of these lands—and admittedly they are many—this "Paradise" is singularly devoid of magic. Lowell Thomas intones his flat, verbless prose over each scene, each shot. Dimitri Tiomkin's score, tasteless and loud, provides a fitting accompaniment to the doggerel that Robert Merrill is made to chant every few minutes. And the "story," whenever Mr. Thomas remembers it, is downright embarrassing—something about two Air Force men searching for Paradise. (They find it, at the end, in the Air Force!)

In all probability there has never been a process so filled with promise, so exciting to the eye and the imagination, that has been so wilfully abused. We learned from the first Cinerama that it is ideally suited to the projection of travel footage. But that first Cinerama also suggested an infinitude of possibilities in the presentation of opera, ballet, music—a world of cultural resources that could so easily be tapped, performances by the greatest artists of our time presented with the larger-than-life realism and the ultra-stereophonic fidelity of Cinerama's cameras and sound. The Cinerama people speak incessantly of their great "adventure," but they have consistently avoided the greatest adventure of all—the imaginative exploration of the magnificent capabilities of their equipment.

* * *

For true imagination and adventure one need search no further than Henri-Georges Clouzot's **"Le Mystère Picasso"** (Lopert), a feature-length examination of the art and genius of Pablo Picasso. There have been art films before, but never one like this, for Clouzot, the ingenious director of last year's "Diabolique," permits us to share with himself and Picasso the excitement of artistic creation. It is a revelation in depth, beginning quite simply with black lines scratched onto white paper—sketches dashed off with schoolboy abandon and marvelous skill. After the black-and-white sketches Picasso turns to colored inks, and then to oils, with each new spot of color, each alteration of form or composition leaping dramatically into view. The artist, seen occasionally either at work or relaxing with the director, suddenly complains that his canvas is too small—and the screen obligingly expands to CinemaScopic proportions to permit him to work on a large-scale mural. Once again there is wonder as shape gives way to shape, as new forms appear that cause the artist to change, efface, or paint over another portion of his picture.

* * *

There is a wealth of purely visual delight in the new Gene Kelly musical, **"Les Girls"** (M-G-M)—delight in the intricate dances designed by Jack Cole, delight in the fresh and imaginative color photography supervised by Hoyningen-Huene, delight above all in the loveliness and crackling comic sense of Kay Kendall. "Girls" is a sort of musical "Rashomon"—three versions of the same "truth" as seen through different eyes. The occasion is a libel suit brought against Miss Kendall by Taina Elg for a book of reminiscences written about their days together as dancers in Gene Kelly's Paris company, a serviceable excuse to introduce some pleasing Cole Porter's melodies, a half-dozen smartly staged production numbers—and three versions of Kay Kendall, each performed to the hilt. It's just impossible to believe that anyone so beautiful could also be such an exquisite comedienne.

"Time Limit" (United Artists) is another in the growing series of films based on Army trials of brainwashed traitors in the Korean prison camps. Like most of these stories, it generates a considerable amount of sympathy for the hapless accused—in this instance a Major (Richard Basehart) who readily admits to preaching Communism to his fellow POW's, to signing leaflets and even making broadcasts charging the United States with germ warfare. His reluctance to defend himself makes the investigating officer, Richard Widmark, suspicious—a suspicion that grows into certainty as he continues to question the Major's fellow prisoners at Camp Geegee. He discovers in the end that the Major had a breaking point, but one that was rooted in the deepest humanitarian instincts.

The question posed by this challenging film—and left unanswered—is simply, "Which shall prevail today, humanitarianism or the Army's special code of combat ethics?" Both views are effectively explored in a series of splendidly written scenes that alternate between Widmark's office and Basehart's prison camp. Karl Malden, making his directorial debut, sustains the tension through vigorous performances drawn not only from his principals but a supporting cast of promising newcomers—especially a young man with the unlikely name of Rip Torn. "Time Limit" throws little new light upon a problem that is likely to become important in the years ahead; but the fact is its producers have recognized that importance *now*.

* * *

Walt Disney, ever the practical dreamer, has hit upon a way to make actors out of non-union wild animals. Using the formula of his successful "True Life Adventure" series—months of patient waiting with the camera, months more of ingenious assembly of the raw footage in the editing rooms—he and his staff have fitted shots of squirrels, martens, beavers, and wildcats into the pattern of Felix Salten's **"Perri"** (Buena Vista). As always in the "True Life" films, there are incredible close-up views of Nature—a nest of new-born squirrels in a hollow tree, the sick panic of animals trapped in a forest fire. But as always in the Disney "Fantasies," there is also a saccharine sentimentality (the setting for "Perri," for example, is known as "Wildwood Heart"), a determinedly cute anthropomorphism, and a marked predilection for nightmare terrors at the climax. If Disney filmed this one for the kiddies, he might well consider adding a child psychiatrist to his staff.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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TV AND RADIO

"Why So Hot, Little Man?"

I KEEP asking myself Emerson's question, "Why so hot, little man?" trying to find out what so offended me in the first of the season's special events, "Crescendo," a ninety-minute presentation of American music, sponsored by DuPont, on CBS. So much of it was good—or perhaps it is more correct to say so many of its ingredients were good: a brilliant use of color in relation to black and white in the startlingly simple sets designed by Saul Bolsani; the choreography of Eugene Loring; some of the chorus work and some great singing; and Julie Andrews, exquisitely simply and fragile in a song from "My Fair Lady." Isn't this a roster long enough to justify a few bad spots?

The answer is No, because what was bad wasn't a spot here and there; it was a concept—of the show and, I fear, of the audience. The show had a glimmer of an idea: an Englishman who says the United States is still only a rebellious colony discovers what the country really is through its music, from rustic to rock-'n'-roll. It isn't much, but simply, candidly handled it would have served. During the course of production Peter Ustinov, something of a whitehaired boy in the London theatre, and Leslie Stevens, of whose background I am ignorant, were called in to rewrite the script. Perhaps unfamiliarity with television accounts for the result. But there were people around—in the responsible advertising agency, in the network offices—who could have done something.

After a brisk opening, with Rex Harrison coming through the customs office, the story, the continuity, slid down into Harrison asking "What next?" and, for instance, Louis Armstrong—the great Satchmo—being reduced to something like this, "Well, you ought to hear Turk Murphy—speaking of Turk Murphy, here he is now." And then on to the next number—and the next. Spirituals and musical-comedy numbers ran into one another, there were comedy scenes to give atmosphere (a railway conductor shot by an arrow to introduce songs of the West), and an insufferable coyness at times. There was no pace to the show as a whole, only to the individual numbers; there was no conviction, and as the numbers went on it became hard to look and listen—they were deadened by under-production.

The idea behind all this is prevalent this year: get fifteen top names on each long program, get five at least per half-hour show. A few weeks ago one network (I've forgotten which) slogged through a full hour presenting its entire roster of stars for the coming season, each doing a turn for a few minutes, each only an advertisement for his or her own show.

I SAID there was a concept of the audience as well as a program-concept. It is, I am afraid, that the dopes will take anything. I am offended, too, by the idea, so often expressed, that a show like this does no "positive" harm. Who really cares about smoothness and skill in production when you're throwing together a light musical?

I think it is time to come out and say that the production of a shoddy piece of goods, in any medium, does positive harm. It is not only an abuse of public confidence, it degrades public taste. There's no sense in saying the public taste was not offended—the public can't know how good things can be until they've had long experience of goodness. The audience can't know that a show could be better and, indeed, if it reads reviews the next day may wonder what's made the critics so cantankerous.

But there are some people who know right from the start that a production can be better: the producers. I do not mean that those responsible for "Crescendo" or any other production set out to make a second-rate program. I mean that they settled for it and that these things would not have been permitted to ruin the program if anyone had been in the slightest degree afraid of the public!

That is, in the end, what's wanted. Theatrical productions stay out of town extra weeks because the managers are afraid—of the dramatic critics in the first place and of the public close behind. We need a lot of sponsors, broadcasters, and producers who will get frightened of the public. But first of all we need a public willing to put on a fright-wig at least and show an ugly and forbidding and unforgiving face to those slaves of the ratings who believe the public will always take what it gets.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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Books For Young People

—"The Outside Cat."

CHILDREN are greatly influenced in their reading by the adults with whom they associate. Very young children will hold a book, often upside down, and even turn pages in imitation of some reading member of the family, and older children acquire attitudes towards reading which are revealed, sometimes unconsciously, by adults. Parents who have books and magazines in the home, who read and discuss books, give their children the example of reading as an accepted part of life. Teachers who know books and who use them with their classes can start their students on the exciting road to reading for pleasure and information. Too often adults who want their children to read fail to set the example of reading themselves, and so lose the advantage of this powerful stimulation.

Reviewers for this issue: Julia Jussim Brody, Children's Specialist, Bronx Borough Office, The New York Public Library; Mary Peacock Douglas, Supervisor, School Library Service, Raleigh, North Carolina; Ruth Gagliardo, Director, Traveling Exhibits, Kansas State Teachers Association; Leone F. Garvey, Supervisor, Boys and Girls Department, Berkeley, California, Public Library and Lecturer, School of Librarianship, University of California.

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN,
Coordinator, Children's Services
The New York Public Library.

SPARKLE AND SPIN. *A Book About Words. By Ann and Paul Rand. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.95. In this stunning picture book about words, a subject always fascinating to young children, two fresh and original talents have produced a work as sparkling as its title suggests. The designing hand of the designer-artist is apparent on every brilliant and arresting page, and the author's understanding of children and her imaginative playfulness are equally remarkable. "What are words? Words are how what you think inside comes out and how to remember what you might forget about—Some words are gay and bright and full of light like tinsel and silver and sparkle and spin, while murk and lurk and moan and groan are just as dark as night." Families with children four to eight will have great fun adding their own special words. —LEONE F. GARVEY.

THE TRAIL OF THE HUNTER'S HORN. *By Billy C. Clark. Illustrated by Veronica Reed. Putnam.* $2.75. This book, written for middle-grade youngsters, has a quality of universality which makes it one of those stories which haunts the reader, no matter what his age. It is evident that Mr. Clark loves the hills and rivers and people about which he writes. The tender and sympathetic story of Jeb and his longing for a coon dog as beautiful and as long-tailed as his Uncle Jeptha's Lucy is an outstanding tale. There could but be disappointment when the pup with stub tail and moon eye came. As Jeb follows the trail of the hunter's horn he grows in stature, in understanding, and kindliness.

—MARY PEACOCK DOUGLAS.

EDDIE MAKES MUSIC. *Written and illustrated by Carolyn Haywood. Morrow.* $2.95. The young-fry in grades two to four will welcome this new story of Eddie Wilson and his gang. Miss Haywood has a way of making even the simplest incident dramatic so that the reader identifies himself with the hero. This time Eddie is lured into learning to play a musical instrument so he can be in the school orchestra and appear with it on television. Complications set in, of course, but Eddie never lets his fans down. Nor does Miss Haywood. —M. P. D.

THE OUTSIDE CAT. *By Jane Thayer. Illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky. Morrow.* $2.95. The many attempts of Samuel to change his status from outside cat to inside cat are related in easy-to-read text with delightful four-color illustrations. Though he was treated kindly and fed well by his owners, he was not allowed in the house. With traditional cat persistence, he tried again and again at the front door, at the back door, at a window ledge to get in. The happy solution to his problem will satisfy young readers. —FRANCES LANDER SPAIN.

THE PICTURE-SKIN STORY. *Written and illustrated by Alex W. Bealer. Holiday.* $2.75. Here is a story as the Sioux Indians would tell it, with primitive pictures in striking colors. The boy Red Bird learns to play hoop and spear; he learns to shoot an arrow straight; he learns to herd the horses —and he kills a buffalo. At the end, the complete story of how Red Bird became Brave Buffalo is pictured in a two-page spread as it would have been painted on a buffalo skin. Many second-graders can handle this independently. —RUTH GAGLIARDO.

A GALLEON SAILED. *By Elizabeth Cheatham Walton. Illustrated by Reisie Lonette. Lothrop.* $3. Girls from nine to twelve will be enchanted with this romantic story of a motherless little Spanish girl who sails to Mexico with her father, viceroy to New Spain. She is stolen by Indians when the ship stops at a port on the way. Estrella Marie is rescued later by Americans who mistook her for the lost daughter of one of the settlers. Estrella's discovery of the lost Cecily makes an exciting story which is further enhanced by charming illustrations. —R. G.

TOY ROSE. *Written and Illustrated by Pamela Bianco. Lippincott.* $2.50. Anyone with sense enough to understand that pretend things can become real if one is good at make-believe, will enjoy this delicate bit of fantasy. Jessica and Joy are seven-year-old twins, who pretend two beautiful dolls into real existence. A wise and imaginative mother is quietly in the background, but the magic pervades throughout, down to the last yard of ribbon and lace in the detailed descriptions of the dolls' wardrobes. Like her mother, the late Margery Bianco, the author reveals a deft touch in this particular genre of the imaginative story. The illustrations in their femininity and lovely detail are both charming and harmonious.

—L. F. G.

THE EAGLES HAVE FLOWN. *By Joanne S. Williamson. Illustrated by George Fulton. Knopf.* $3. It is indeed gratifying to have another fine historical

—*From "The Trail of the Hunter's Horn."*
"Haunts the reader."

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—*From "Toy Rose."*

"Delicate bit of fantasy."

novel for teen-agers by Joanne S. Williamson. Those who read "Jacobin's Daughter" recall the vivid writing and accurate reporting. This new book also gives evidence of careful and extensive research. It is the story of young Lucas—son of a freedman and a member of the household of Lord Marcus Junius Brutus—and of the fearful days following the murder of Julius Caesar. The young Lucas follows Brutus to Macedonia when he flees Rome to prepare an army to fight for the Republic, and so he is present at the tragic Battle of Philippi and its aftermath. —M. P. D.

SEA SIEGE. *By Andre Norton. Harcourt, Brace.* $3. Following the explosion of world-wide atomic war, a small group of people on a barren island in the West Indies found themselves overwhelmed with catastrophe and horror. Aroused by atomic blasts from their ancient lairs in the ocean depths came creatures of prehistoric sliminess and ugliness, dreadful creatures full of hate and cunning to plan man's destruction. Only when they have finally conquered their hideous enemy can the islanders turn their concern to the devastation in the North and the building of a new world. One chilling aspect of this fast-paced science fiction yarn is its period; it is placed in a time not very distant from our own. For older boys and science fiction fans. —L. F. G.

BIRTHDAYS OF FREEDOM, FROM THE FALL OF ROME TO JULY 4, 1776. *Book II. Written and illustrated by Genevieve Foster. Scribners.* $3. Young and old alike will find this second book of "Birthdays of Freedom" a very satisfying one to own and to study. The first book began with the Declaration of Independence and went back to show how ideas of law and democracy grew in Greece and Rome. Again Mrs. Foster begins with the Declaration of Independence and this time relates the great events in history that follow the Fall of Rome, leading toward law and order and respect for man as an individual. Each step is clearly portrayed by charts, maps, and decorative pictures as well as by lucid text, dramatically written. Libraries will appreciate the reinforced binding. This reviewer regrets that the pages are unnumbered. —M. P. D.

HOW LIFE BEGAN. *By Irving Adler. Illustrated by Ruth Adler. John Day.* $2.95. Life's origin and the chemical changes and combinations that have helped to channel the directions evolution has taken, is the theme of this well-written book for the older child. We learn what primitive man believed, and how experiments over the years have changed man's thinking.

Fuller treatment is given to current theories that have resulted from the synthesis of conclusions drawn from research in such fields as biology, geology, physics, and astronomy, with special emphasis on chemistry and the nature of carbon. The author points out that not only does such combined effort in the sciences reveal pieces to this great puzzle, but man may also benefit directly. For example, work done on viruses which are believed to resemble earliest forms of life may lead to cures for some of our most dreaded diseases.

Children interested in the story of evolution will find this a fresh and fascinating approach to the subject. —Julia Jussim Brody.

GENERAL CROOK: INDIAN FIGHTER. *By Fairfax Downey. Westminster Press.* $2.75. General Sherman called George Crook the greatest Indian fighter the United States Army ever had and John Finerty who served with Crook maintained that "The Gay Fox," "Granddaddy of the Pack Mules," with his stubborn ways, his courage and fidelity, had no superior, not even in dashing Custer. Fairfax Downey, retired lieutenant colonel, grandson of an Indian fighter, tells well the story of General Crook, whose guile matched that of the Indians and whose sense of justice the Indians recognized and respected. Here for older boys is biography that stirs, history that is alive, Indian stories that are true. —R. G.

Big Boys Don't Cry!

Isn't it a shame that this poor youngster must deprive himself of a little child's right to tears? Overnight, the carefree years of childhood have been stolen from him. Imagine what it's like for a 7-year old boy to suddenly—have to be a man!

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The Inner Life

"Problems of Art," by Susanne K. Langer *(Scribners. 184 pp. $3.50), a collection of ten lectures which the author has delivered in the past few years, offers to the more or less amateur art lover some insights into the nature of art forms. Frances Blanshard, who reviews it, has written "Retreat of Likeness in the Theory of Painting."*

By Frances Blanshard

THE publication of lectures in book form has its hazards. One is the air of dogmatism hanging about statements that are left unsupported for lack of time. Another is the reappearance of the same definitions and even discussions in lectures that must each try to be complete. Both shortcomings will be found in Susanne K. Langer's "Problems of Art," a collection of Mrs. Langer's lectures on art—lectures aimed at more or less popular audiences. But there are compensations for these shortcomings: some repetition is all to the good for the general reader whom Mrs. Langer seems to have in mind, and the obvious lack of time to argue her statements out has set Mrs. Langer free to touch on a host of topics and pack her pages with insights.

The first lecture, "The Dynamic Image: Some Philosophical Reflections on Dance," deals with topics about the dance which are essential also in the other arts: "What is created? what is expressed? what is experienced?" These themes are treated more fully in three lectures on "Expressiveness," "Creation," and "Living Form." There are discussions of what artistic perception means, how the artist uses natural forms and makes them over, how he employs symbols and abstractions, and what "creation" means in poetry (and how it is commonly misunderstood), and much else of equal interest.

Mrs. Langer's central position is that art meets a basic human need—the need of understanding the subjective experience of feeling. We cannot understand this inner world in the same way as we do the outer world of objects, though we use symbols of some kind for both. For the outer world the usual symbols are words. Words symbolize in the strictest sense: they stand for other things. But language is not enough to express the complex life of feeling. Here is needed a special kind of symbol, a work of art. An art symbol presents feeling directly in sensuous form, to be contemplated in itself. A work of art is thus a "perceptible form that expresses . . . life as it feels to the living."

If we want to see what artistic creation means, according to Mrs. Langer, we may well study it in the dance. A dancer or group of dancers brings to life an intricate pattern of interacting forms, a "dynamic image." Of course dancers use physical materials—their own bodies and draperies, the floor, lights, and music—but they weave with these a pattern that is not itself really physical; it exists only in the beholder's perception and imagination. This pattern is real, but it is real like an image in a mirror: both are "virtual" entities. Still, unlike the mirror image which has no special feeling tone, the dance is created precisely to express feeling. This need not be the personal feeling of the dancers; it is our general human feeling as caught by the choreographer and expressed in his designs. The dance is a visible image of the "tensions, balances, rhythms . . . we feel . . . as the pulse" of living. Why does this image serve as the symbol and expression of feeling? Because, Mrs. Langer answers, it has "elements and patterns" that correspond by a kind of isomorphism to those in the life of feeling itself. Similarly in the other arts: the painter creates an expressive form in "virtual space," the composer "a virtual image of subjective time in its passage"; both directly embody feeling. "'Music sounds as feelings feel'," quotes Mrs. Langer.

One must, of course, agree with Mrs. Langer that the arts provide insight into the life of feeling. She thinks they are no less important in shaping the forms that feeling takes, quoting Irwin Edman to the effect that "our emotions are largely Shakespeare's poetry." And art educates the senses "to see nature in expressive form." Indeed the insights expressed in the arts of a culture are in large measure responsible for that culture itself. "Bad art," says Mrs. Langer roundly, "is corruption of feeling."

What one has here, so it seems, is an essentially mystical doctrine of art. This is not the systematic statement that was promised in Mrs. Langer's "Feeling and Form," and detailed criticism may well wait until that rounded statement appears. But if our appetite is not wholly satisfied by this book, it is effectively whetted, for what may yet be in store.

Pick of the Paperbacks

MASTERPIECES OF THE DRAMA. *Edited by A. Allison, A. Carr, A. Eastman. Macmillan.* $2.95. Sophocles, Molière, Giraudoux are a few of the dramatists represented in a basic collection of the world's great plays.

THE WORD OF GOD AND THE WORD OF MAN. *By Karl Barth. Translated by Douglas Horton. Torchbooks.* $1.65. In these lectures, which comprised one of his early works, Swiss theologian Barth speaks simply and eloquently about the ways of God and man.

FILM AS ART. *By Rudolf Arnheim. University of California Press.* $1.50. A series of essays setting forth an aesthetic theory of film and discussing the limitations and the progress of film artistry.

MIRROR FOR MAN. *By Clyde Kluckhohn. Premier.* 50¢. A highly readable introduction to anthropology containing an explanation of morals and mores, by Harvard's distinguished anthropologist.

NEW CAMPUS WRITING. No. 2. *Edited by Nolan Miller. Bantam.* 50¢. Collected prose and poetry in a lively vein from young writers at work on American campuses.

THE LAST HURRAH. *By Edwin O'Connor. Bantam.* 50¢. A vigorous novel about the last campaign of rascally Frank Skeffington, political boss and mayor, who is one of modern fiction's most irrepressible heroes.

A TRAVELER FROM ALTRURIA. *By William Dean Howells. Sagamore.* $1.35. American realist Howells tries his hand at social satire as Mr. Homo, a utopian visitor, asks some pertinent questions about American culture.

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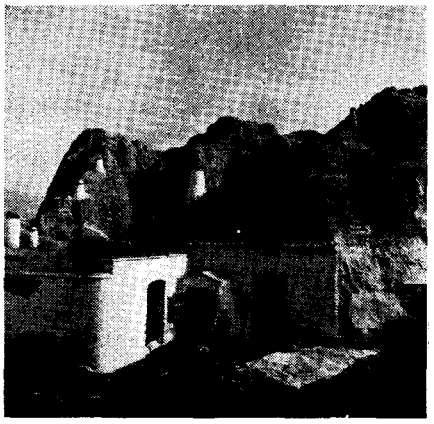

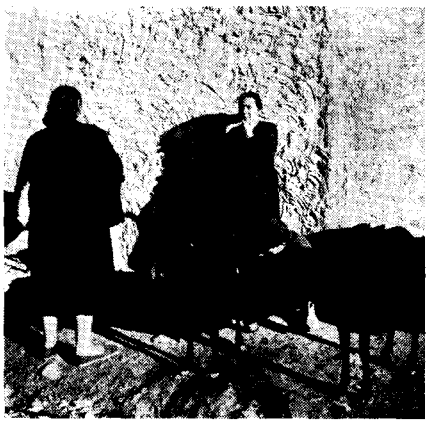

—*Ewing Krainin.*

"Little known corner of a . . . forgotten world."

Simpático Sojourner

"South from Granada," by Gerald Brenan *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 282 pp. $4), offers a discerning writer's account of the life and customs of a little-known corner of the world, the mountainous region south of Granada and west of Almeria in Spain.*

By Thomas G. Bergin

"THE principal part of this book, then, is devoted to an account of this village, with its customs, its folklore, its festivals, and a certain number of its more striking characters with their quarrels and love affairs. After this I have written of some of the other sites of the region, of the high mountains that bound it, and of Gaudix with its cave quarter, which lies immediately beyond them. Then there is a chapter on archeology and history followed by four chapters on Almería and Granada as they were in those days, especially in such matters as love, courtship, and marriage. Finally I have given a couple of chapters to an account of the visits to my mountain home of four well-known writers—Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf, David Garnett, and Roger Fry."

In these words Gerald Brenan sums up the contents of his book entitled "South from Granada." But given the factual manner of the summary one could hardly guess at the fascination of the book.

In 1919, war weary and seeking solitude and tranquillity, Mr. Brenan made his way to the Alpujarra, a mountainous region south of Granada and west of Almería. He had, he tells us, small knowledge of Spanish and very little money. Neither seemed to cause him any great inconvenience; he found a house that suited him in a village called Yegen (the rent was less than thirty dollars a year) and his Spanish became more than adequate in the course of his sojourn, which lasted some five years with some visits to England breaking the continuity. He had a few distinguished guests, but most of the time he was on his own, reading, taking incredibly long walks, and familiarizing himself with the country and the people. The flavor of his experience, the color of the region and the character of its folk—all this is what he tries to convey to the reader, and he is remarkably successful in doing so.

It is a charming book which Mr. Brenan has given us, but it has more than charm. It is an authentic picture of a little-known corner of an all but forgotten world. But it also has more than authenticity, for the author, while having in his attitude something of the amateur anthropologist and a good deal of the journalist, is above all a sensitive human being with sympathetic interest in his fellow man and a quick responsiveness to the beauties of nature.

I think the author's secret is in his ability to live closely, even intimately, with his environment and yet at the same time to preserve a certain detachment. Hence he makes you see the beauty of the rugged landscape but never gushes; he lives in harmony with the village folk and conveys to the reader his appreciation of their virtues, yet he is not blind to their faults and does not in the least "glorify" them. This is an approach—or better a temperament—calculated not to seduce but to engage and to stimulate the reader.

Continued from page 25

story by which he is here represented, "Eneas Africanus," probably is not.

Up to and including this present anthology, Mr. Cerf has written or assembled twelve books. Four of the twelve have the word "laugh" in the titles in some form, two have "humor," and the titles of three ("Life of the Party," "Shake Well Before Using," and "Try and Stop Me") clearly foreshadow a high laugh-humor content. One of the eight sections into which "Reading for Pleasure" is compartmented is called "Accent on Laughter," and laughter is by no means excluded elsewhere in the contents. In this book, however, the accent is deliberately scattered. But throughout, Mr. Cerf clings firmly to his yardstick of pleasure—the basic end of reading. His goal, attempted and achieved, is variety with entertainment. Here is a self-sufficient chapter from Rachel Carson's "The Sea Around Us," another from Fred Allen's "Much Ado About Me," an autobiographical interlude by James A. Michener, five chapters from E. B. White's "Charlotte's Web" (of which book Mr. Cerf notes: "I rate it superior to 'Alice in Wonderland'"), a Vermont landscape with figures by Dorothy Canfield Fisher, a slice not wholly unautobiographical from Mac Hyman's "No Time for Sergeants," selections from Stephen Potter's "The Theory and Practice of Gamesmanship."

These units are listed here merely as samples, not necessarily as preferred stock (though that they certainly are). And there is fiction in abundance, by Irwin Shaw, Thomas Wolfe, John Galsworthy, George Meredith, Richard Harding Davis, Roland Pertwee, John P. Marquand, Katherine Mansfield, Ben Ames Williams, James Thurber (*not* "The Private Life of Walter Mitty"), John O'Hara, Budd Schulberg, William Faulkner, Edith Wharton, A. E. Coppard, Heywood Broun, Owen Johnson, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Thomas Burke, Saki, Marc Connelly, Richard Connell, Ray Bradbury, and these are far from all. So is there Hemingway, Lardner, Benét, O. Henry, and Beerbohm, though of course, these are not represented by their above-named stories.

A minor dissent: Following the text are Mr. Cerf's "Biographical Notes" (one hundred to two hundred words each) for all sixty-three authors. These notes are arranged in the order

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in which the authors appear, which, of course, is anything but alphabetical. Attempting to find your man in these notes is vexation of spirit and makes you feel as if you are de-needling the haystack. You can, to be sure, consult the index, but that is like going from Chicago to Minneapolis by way of Toledo. The biographical notes might more conveniently have appeared with the individual selections.

Cultivated Gossip

"Talents and Geniuses," by Gilbert Highet *(Oxford University Press. 347 pp. $4.50), offers a bright collection of a Columbia University professor's radio commentaries on life and the arts, the subject matter of which ranges from Dylan Thomas to Lillian Roth and from Harold Ickes to Adam and Eve. Our reviewer, Leon Pearson, is the well-known news commentator and a theatre critic-at-large on the radio.*

By Leon Pearson

AS ANY of Gilbert Highet's colleagues-of-the-air will readily testify there is nothing quite so ephemeral as words spoken by radio. The listener has no text to lay hold of. The radio broadcast creates a moment of meaning—and is gone.

But with the publication of "Talents and Geniuses," Mr. Highet has it both ways, or rather *we* do. We have heard him in bright and meaningful comment on life and the arts, and now we can have him substantially, to read and re-read, as all reflective expression deserves to be read and re-read.

And yet, something new has been added. As the author remarks in the preface, "These essays are not merely transcriptions, but have been revised and partly rewritten for this book." But Mr. Highet has been wise enough (though we cannot be sure it was consciously done) to retain the short sentences and informal approach which belongs to radio composition, with the result that, although he often leads us into scholarly cloisters, we have no trouble keeping step with this friendly guide.

Do you know, for example, the work of the French author, Joris-Karl Huysmans, who died ("very painfully") just fifty years ago? He is described by Mr. Highet as "a mystic of suffering," who believed that the human spirit should pay the same kind of attention to ugliness as it does to beauty. He wrote a prose poem "about the sweaty odor of imperfectly bathed Parisian girls, and he claimed to be able to distinguish, with his eyes shut, between brunettes, blondes, and redheads."

How does Mr. Highet induce interest in this obscure eccentric? He begins the essay by opening a very familiar door: "I have been traveling on the New York subway system for nearly twenty years." And he writes an essay of his own which includes these words: dingy, scabs, sick, leprous, nauseating, mutilated, filthy, debris, abominable; and he concludes his account of subway travel with: "I find that I can actually relish this experience." From there, the transition is easy to Huysmans.

There are two-score essays in the volume, of a length to be read in five or ten minutes each, and covering, altogether, such a range as to make us wise—from Socrates to Sir Winston Churchill, from Shakespeare to Harold Ickes, and from Adam and Eve to Lillian Roth. Here you may learn why Bach, with a mathematical mind, turned to the fugue, why Dylan Thomas made passes publicly at beautiful women, and how Picasso was able to depict the horrors of an air raid by using figures which were "anatomically impossible."

And throughout the volume, one feels the wisdom and understanding of a philosopher. His essay on Colette, for example, (titled "Madam Cat") recounts the life of a woman whose "subjects are nearly always shocking" (Mr. Highet says, "I can scarcely remember a single truly virtuous man or woman in all her books,") and who, when she died, was denied by the Roman Catholic Church the privilege of burial in consecrated ground. But Mr. Highet provides her with consecrated ground of his own, making the distinction between acts which are immoral and actors who are devoid of a sense of morality.

I can think of only two types of people who might not enjoy "Talents and Geniuses." One is those who cannot read, and the other is those who prefer to read Colette and Socrates and Rousseau and Dylan Thomas, and the rest, by and for themselves. This class of people may say, with some impatience, "I am fed up with second-hand knowledge, with pre-digested learning. I, too, can read Plato in the classic Greek."

But since there are so few of us who can range so far, we had better be happy with a helping hand. Mr. Highet has built his own temple of learning and furnished it well; graciously he invites us in. In writing "Talents and Geniuses," he brings not only talent and genius of his own, but also that quality he finds in his best-loved authors, who do not "try too hard to be great."

POE IN PARIS: What is there in Edgar Poe that Frenchmen have seen but that we have missed? Their greatest poet, Baudelaire, spent sixteen years translating him, and he has been hailed as a truly remarkable genius by successive generations of French readers. Yet in America Poe is treated most often with condescension or indifference. If we can be shown what Frenchmen have seen, we may learn at long last to appreciate our great writer and give him the homage France accorded him from the first. This is what Patrick F. Quinn hopes to do in **"The French Face of Edgar Poe"** (Southern Illinois University Press, $5).

Mr. Quinn's procedure is as follows: a preliminary sketch of the French interest in Poe, from Baudelaire to Gaston Bachelard; then a detailed analysis of the Poe-Baudelaire relationship; and finally an orientation via French critics to specific works of Poe. One may wonder at the wisdom of such an organization—with its considerable repetition, backtracking, and shifting of emphasis. Poe is lost sight of in the heart of the book, where Baudelaire takes over. At another point, the Frenchmen stand aside while a digression into the Poe-Melville question is pursued. But this technique is dictated at least in part by the author's desire to narrow his field. Aware that his title is misleading, he warns us not to expect a general survey of Poe in France nor even to expect that Poe *in toto* will be treated. Leaving aside the poetry and criticism, he concentrates on the stories in which Baudelaire divined, and certain French psychiatrists and philosophers subsequently demonstrated, great ontological significance. Mr. Quinn is doubtless right in basing his case for Poe on these grounds. It is an authentic "French face of Poe" and probably the most important one. It is, moreover, the likeliest one to increase Poe's prestige at home.

To round out the picture, however, we shall need further study on the Poe of the Symbolists, of Mallarmé, of Paul Valéry, and of others. This is work for the French themselves, or for thesis writers. Let us hope their findings fall into such competent hands as those of Patrick Quinn, who, in a book that makes pleasant and fruitful reading, has already presented a great part of the French criticism on Poe.—LAURENT LESAGE.

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Dunsany

Continued from page 15

killed, though they saw to it that they were ill-fitting, in order to show that they were only dead men's clothes. And revolution is no bad thing to turn to for any metaphor one may require when speaking of "modern verse," for both come from a yearning to be free from a power that has dominated an age or a country for long.

And what a domination the power of poets has been! Their words have gone right down the ages, gripping the thoughts of men, and filling their speech with phrases and fragments of lines, and placing visions before them which all men see. Wearying of Keats's nightingale and Shelley's skylark, the enormous visions of Milton and the sheer power of Shakespeare, and longing to be free from the grip that the Greeks still hold on the ages, some young men are turning away, but turning away to what? Who can take the place of the poets if we throw their statues down? We have our poets today, as every age has had them, but they, also, are powers that are beyond the scope of those who would be free from the grip of old glories. And so some young men of today have turned away not from the poets only, whose power was too much for them, but from poetry altogether: meter is cast away and with it meaning, and the people of our time have been offered a jumble of words so intricate that there may be a meaning there, like a message faintly written and in an unknown tongue; and, as it is hard to see what it is, it is hard to say that no message is there, and no one seems to have taken the risk of rejecting it.

If there is any message in all this modern stuff, let someone tell us what it is in clear language; but if it lies too deep for that, we may be assured that it will do no good to us. The first duty of any man with a message is to hand it on to others, and for this purpose he must tell it so that they can easily understand it. He fails in his duty otherwise. For no message is for the mere amusement of one man. Hence a poet's first duty is clarity. An age needs a few poets, who standing a little aloof from the rush of daily work, yet in touch with the hearts of men, shall show clearly to others their aims, and what is the work they are doing and to what end. And he is a poor poet if they cannot understand him. Indeed, so vivid are visions when they come that almost perforce the telling of them is vividly clear too; so that, when you come upon words that are not readily clear to you, you may suspect that they are not the words of one who has had any vision, and in fact that there is no message there at all.

Messages are things to make clear, not to be wrapped up. If a banker is handed a cheque that is quite illegible he does not assume it to be a cheque for a million pounds, or pay out any large sum. Yet, when it is a thought that a writer claims to offer, the incomprehensible words are too often accepted as being of great value. Let us learn from businessmen not to make such rash assumptions. As a banker would examine a cheque to see exactly what is written, let us never accept a line as meaning something unless we can find out what. And if we can't find out, lets state boldly that no meaning is there. One might of course make a mistake when doing that, but it is not so likely that we shall be mistaken in saying that vague words have nothing to say as that we shall be wrong if we assert that such words have a message, even though we are unable to say what that message is.

I will quote as an example one of those four poems that I have referred to which I have read in public on several occasions. It is unnecessary to say who wrote it. If it is not to be found in the works of the principal writers of "modern verse," then it has not been accepted as great poetry: if it is to be found there, it has been.

HIGH WICKHAM

In the sun there is shining
In the empty spaces there is notshining,
But at the center of the sun there is darkness.
Shining on the disc,
Darkness at the center:
This is the story of the sun.

In the empty spaces notshining,
In the empty spaces pitch darkness,
Which is another way of putting it.
Pitch darkness where only the planets gobble:
This is the story of the empty spaces.

It is certainly original; for, as somebody lately wrote of these composers of "modern verse," nobody has written like this before; and then a certain pretentiousness in lines 6 and 11 hints that there may be something there after all. The important thing is for the reader to judge of this for himself, and above all not to think that he is not clever enough to unravel thought that may lie so deep, if there is any there at all. The whole of one line is a plagiarism, but that is no help either way in solving the question of authorship, for the writ-

the secret of

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ers of "modern verse" are addicted to that very thing, the lifting of a whole line now and then from another writer. And let not the reader of this believe that he is not intelligent enough to know what is meant by the words "where only the planets gobble," but let him show his intelligence by saying they don't.

Sometimes a word such as chthonic will appear in a modern verse. But is the purpose of that to make the meaning more clear, or is it to show that the writer is more clever than you? I do not say that the word chthonic has no meaning. It probably has. But I have not looked it up to see, because it is not worthwhile. I have no use for it myself, because when I have anything to say I try to make it clear to as many as possible, and this word would not help me to do that, for there are too many people, like myself, who do not know what it means. And then there is another source of the reputation of these writers of "modern verse," which is whatever guess anyone may make while searching for sense among their lines. That would go something like this. Reading such a line as,

How fierce the daisy's protest
against June,

one might say that daisies do not protest and are not fierce. But a supporter of modern verse would tell one that in being so literal-minded one misses the point. The poet does not mean the actual flower, he would explain, but rather gives expression to his resentment against the passing of spring, of its ruthless eviction of summer, and so, for those who follow the poem intelligently, the passing of all beautiful things and the usurpation of their places by age and death. And however far this explanation may go, all credit is given for it to the writer of the ridiculous nonsense, a line of which I have here invented.

And sometimes they will throw in a few lines in some foreign language, which look very odd in something pretending to be a poem. What is the purpose of that? Surely not clarity. And if clarity be not the first aim of any man with a message, can he think that his message is of any value? There have been poets who have been accused of having only melody in their line without much to say; and usually, I think, they have been accused wrongly, for if a man is stirred to beauty in any form there is probably something at the back of the impulse that is worthy of the beauty that is to clothe it. But we have no beauty here. Meter is mostly discarded by the writers of "modern verse" in order to give the message that no one can understand. For, if anyone does understand it, the lines fail in their purpose, which would appear to be to show how much profounder and cleverer the writer is than his readers. Write something that it will take a lecturer or a don to explain, and the writer has scored a point. Write something the meaning of which several dons will dispute over, and he has scored two points at this symbolic game. And what exactly does symbolic mean? That is part of the game, a game that is not entirely new; for something very like it must have been played before, to have inspired Gilbert to write these lines:

If this young man expresses himself
In terms too deep for me
Why what a very singularly deep young man
This deep young man must be.

I have seen plays that are everywhere accepted as being plays in verse, and yet there is scarcely a line of verse in them; nothing more at all to make anyone think there is than a capital letter at the beginning of each line. And certainly the material of them is not the material of poetry, for they are lines that go like this. I parody nobody, but merely give a parallel:

I hope Harry won't be late for tea.
No, I don't think he'll be late.
What train is he coming by?
The 4.15.
Is the 4.15 generally late?
No, not the 4.15.

There is nothing in life that may not be suitable material for the drama, from poetry to the talk of drunken men at a cocktail-bar. But neither of these should be falsely described.

There is an American writer who, feeling that there should be some mystery in a poem, gets it by running one word into another and jumbling the spelling. He goes like this:

n
ot eth
eold almos
tladyf eebly
hurl ing
cr u
mb
son ebyo
neatt wothre
efourfi ve&six
engli shsp
arr ow
s

At least he does not make the pretence of beginning each line with a capital; but he does head it, "Poem." To tear with a ruthless unsymbolic hand the mystery from this poem, it goes, un-

symbolically, like this: "Note the old almost lady feebly hurling crumbs one by one at two three four five and six English sparrows."

And with its mystery gone one sees, what one might have suspected, that this is not poetry. It is not all modern verse that can be quite so easily decoded. But my object in writing this is to advise all readers to use their wits in decoding the message from all "modern verse" and to see whether it is anything profounder than this one, rather than to surrender those wits to the composers of this so-called verse and to admit that they are cleverer than we are merely because they write something that we cannot understand, or that nou snep ouvon spasc omp rend re, as some of them would say it in scrambled French.

And to what an age they came, and to what men! They came to those who had won the greatest war that the world as yet had known, and they sang to the men who were to rush in and save Liberty when she seemed quite lost, and would have been but for them. Surely a true inspiration came to the most famous, and the most personally popular, of the writers of modern verse when he wrote in 1925:

We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together
Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!
Our dried voices, when
We whisper together
Are quiet and meaningless.

And surely Posterity will feel for these writers thus:

Remember us—if at all—not as lost
Violent souls, but only
As the hollow men
The stuffed men.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: **17, 16, 11, 10, 12, 19, 4, 20, 6, 14, 15, 7, 3, 2, 9, 5, 13, 18, 8, 1.**

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Ciardi

Continued from page 16

poem and that the poet speaks through various characters. William Butler Yeats, a former acquaintance of Dunsany, called such characters "masks." Dunsany has himself once dealt in *dramatis personae*, and will, I am sure, be with me thus far.

The character who speaks these opening lines, then, is saying: "April is (to me) the cruelest month (because) it breeds the life-promising lilacs out of the dead land and thereby mixes memory and desire, stirring the dull quiescent roots (of my lost soul) with (the attractive but ever-false promise of) spring-rain."

I do not argue that the foregoing is a "message" that either Dunsany or I are likely to find attractive as a life-view. But we are not discussing a man's right to dramatize the death-wish. The question is of clarity and toward clarity I do make the following points about the passage: 1. It is unmistakably clear to anyone who will read rather than misquote it. 2. The message is not really radically different at this point from the message of many poems by Hardy and Heusman, poets that no one will be tempted to think of as excessively "modern." 3. Eliot has not, as Dunsany implies, called April "cruel" and left it there. He has said rather that April is cruel in *the sense that* it reawakens (only to defeat again later) the desires an old man has managed to keep dormant through the winter of his soul. 4. Dunsany really has no trouble understanding this message. He simply does not like what it is saying. He is demanding, that is, that Eliot express Dunsanian values or be adjudged nonsensical and unclear. I must confess that Dunsany's methods of argument do not especially persuade me to admire his values, and I doubt that they would so move Eliot.

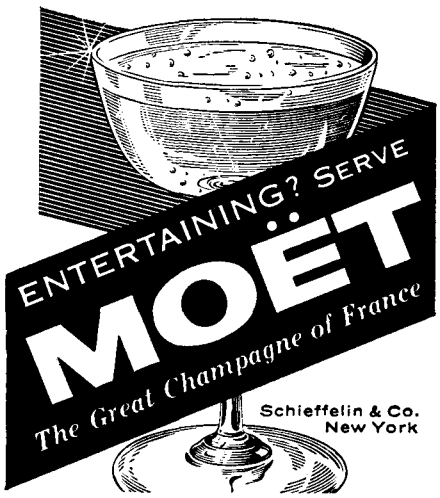
I myself cannot, certainly, agree with all of the Eliotian scheme of things. Parson Eliot has always struck me as a bit of a stuffed shirt. Poet Eliot, however, is an artist. Whatever his morality, theology, or general theory, his dendrites are connected to the human race, his artistic "intuitions" (wrong word but right sense) are sound and rich. Dunsany has bewailed the passing of meter and melody. He would have to search a long way to find a better ear than Eliot's. The handling of the three participles in the lines I have quoted, the placement of the participles after the commas in each case instead of at the beginning of the next line, and the consequent way in which that placement ends each lines with a caesura followed by a trochee—that is metric handling of a high order. The end of a line always tends to function as a pause, the triple repetition of the final trochees with the feminine final syllable raising the voice against the end-of-the-line check keeps the rhythm suspended, tentative, in motion in a way exactly suited to the "message." Dunsany would know more about metrics were he to study Eliot more carefully.

I shall pass over the strange and misfired attack on an un-named e. e. cummings. Any reader of cummings can tell at a glance that cummings does not break his language in the way suggested by Dunsany's imitation. I cannot see that a poor forgery qualifies any man as an expert in coinage.

THERE remains the central question of clarity. Personally I have no interest in making myself clear to Dunsany's prejudices. Dunsany's imagination was formed in another time and attuned to respond to other attitudes and devices. Rejection is a very important principle in "all this modern stuff," but this is not the place to discuss it properly, nor would Dunsany do anything but scoff at the discussion. He prefers the more lordly pose—modern poetry is not poetry, modern painting is not (as Maggie and Jiggs well know) painting at all, jazz is not fit music for a civilized person, modern dance has no "message"—and on and on and on.

It will not do. No art form can be approached with the kind of indignation Dunsany brings to his distortions. There are, as I have already noted, lunatic fringes attached to modern poetry (whatever that is), as there are to every period and parish of art, but the existence of such fringes is no indictment of the center. Toward clarity, however, I will make the following specific proposal for *SR*:

Untermeyer's "Modern American, Modern British Poetry" is the broadest anthology of "all this modern stuff." If Dunsany will accept that fat collection as a point of departure, and if he will specify his charges of unintelligibility against any group of poems therein offered by any one poet, citing in his charge what is specifically unintelligible to him, *SR* will attempt to explain to him in print how to read those passages and that poet. This offer will have to be subject to reasonable space limitations and the readers of *SR* will have to be the judges of whether or not the explanation is in clear language. No box tops necessary. Not even a comic strip. This offer, however, is not transferable.



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Americana

Continued from page 23

as a Denver prizefight promoter and then as a sportswriter in New York City. He died in 1921 of a heart attack as he sat at his typewriter. "A strangely quiet closing," remarked his friend Damon Runyon. Mr. O'Connor comments, "Against all the odds, Bat Masterson died respectable." —H. B.

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Ness eventually became police chief of Cleveland. He died of a heart attack last year, and thus did not live to see his fast-moving adventures in print.

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1230

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Lacking nourishing quality.	211 21 129 42 108 15
B. Lacking paired fins or limbs, like the cyclostomes.	159 195 116 130 119 65 135 206 148 164
C. American utterance of a queen (early twenties).	147 180 115 182 56 124 45 40
D. Variant spelling of name for Eskimos of Amer. or of the Arctic.	178 193 169 50 32 161
E. Brilliant young English poet who survived World War I.	102 35 71 160 196 123 179
F. One of the two French towns which still celebrate with great pomp the taming of a monster by St. Martha.	8 29 138 104 22 213 66 80
G. What "your best friends won't tell you" about.	162 126 101 203 153 191 2 16 93
H. Having woolly or crispy hair.	186 94 62 207 192 7 121 77 41
I. How Edward Young described the majesty of night on her "ebon throne."	17 194 48 185 137 89 49
J. Russian-born dancer and choreographer, with Met., motion pictures, etc., helped organize Amer. School of Ballet.	145 174 197 167 158 187 14 99 30 27
K. What, it is said, ought to be a boost (2 wds.).	72 34 210 177 189 81 12 10 51 47
L. Poem in six cantos by Scott, 1813.	24 184 214 176 173 142
M. A pair (4 wds.).	13 6 125 183 26 53 188 37 105 170
N. English librarian-Shakespearean scholar who assumed his wife's name of Phillips (1820-89).	74 23 60 149 1 110 90 64 172
O. In cabalism, infinite God (comp.).	155 83 201 114 63
P. *Saxicola rubetra* of Europe.	28 87 111 67 76 52 91 150
Q. Cyclopean (comp.).	199 68 163 95 134 143 31
R. Official word referring to the "Woman Suffrage Amendment"	166 92 18 133 208 25 88 33 84 9
S. The religious head or "pope" who lives at Lhasa (2 wds.)	204 212 3 120 107 44 151 20 117
T. Direction of Amer. coast-to-coast routes (comp.)	122 168 54 86 175 165 70 55
U. Inquietude.	127 61 132 112 209 69 152 78 43 157 140 5
V. A boxer bet. 118 and 126 pounds.	190 57 38 181 154 141 131 73 198 82 109 113 118
W. A twelfth part; large-lettered.	136 200 46 11 146 100
X. Chicago's financial centre (3 wds.)	156 19 59 202 205 144 4 96 98 36 171 128 103
Y. Volcanic glass.	85 39 97 58 106 75 79 139

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Blank squares indicate ends of words; if there is no blank square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

					1 N	2 G	3 S	4 X	5 U		6 M	7 H	8 F	9 R		10 K		11 W
12 K		13 M	14 J	15 A	16 G	17 I		18 R	19 X	20 S	21 A	22 F		23 N	24 L	25 R		
26 M	27 J	28 P		29 F	30 J	31 Q		32 D	33 R	34 K	35 E	36 X	37 M	38 V	39 Y	40 C	41 H	
	42 A	43 U	44 S	45 C	46 W	47 K	48 I		49 I	50 D	51 K	52 P		53 M	54 T		55 T	
56 C	57 V		58 Y	59 X	60 N	61 U		62 H	63 O		64 N	65 B	66 F	67 P	68 Q	69 U	70 T	
71 E	72 K		73 V	74 N	75 Y	76 P	77 H		78 U	79 Y	80 F	81 K		82 V	83 O	84 R	85 Y	
	86 T	87 P	88 R		89 I	90 N	91 P		92 R	93 G	94 H	95 Q	96 X		97 Y	98 X	99 J	
100 W	101 G		102 E	103 X	104 F	105 M	106 Y	107 S	108 A	109 V		110 N	111 P	112 U	113 V	114 O	115 C	
116 B		117 S		118 V	119 B	120 S	121 H	122 T		123 E	124 C		125 M		126 G	127 U	128 X	
	129 A	130 B	131 V	132 U	133 R	134 Q		135 B	136 W	137 I	138 F	139 Y	140 U	141 V	142 L		143 Q	
144 X	145 J	146 W		147 C	148 B	149 N	150 P	151 S		152 U	153 G		154 V	155 O	156 X	157 U	158 J	
159 B		160 E	161 D		162 G	163 Q	164 B	165 T	166 R	167 J		168 T	169 D	170 M		171 X	172 N	
173 L	174 J		175 T	176 L	177 K	178 D		179 E	180 C	181 V		182 C	183 M	184 L		185 I	186 H	
187 J	188 M	189 K		190 V	191 G	192 H		193 D	194 I	195 B	196 E	197 J	198 V	199 Q	200 W		201 O	
202 X	203 G	204 S		205 X	206 B	207 H	208 R	209 U	210 K	211 A	212 S	213 F	214 L					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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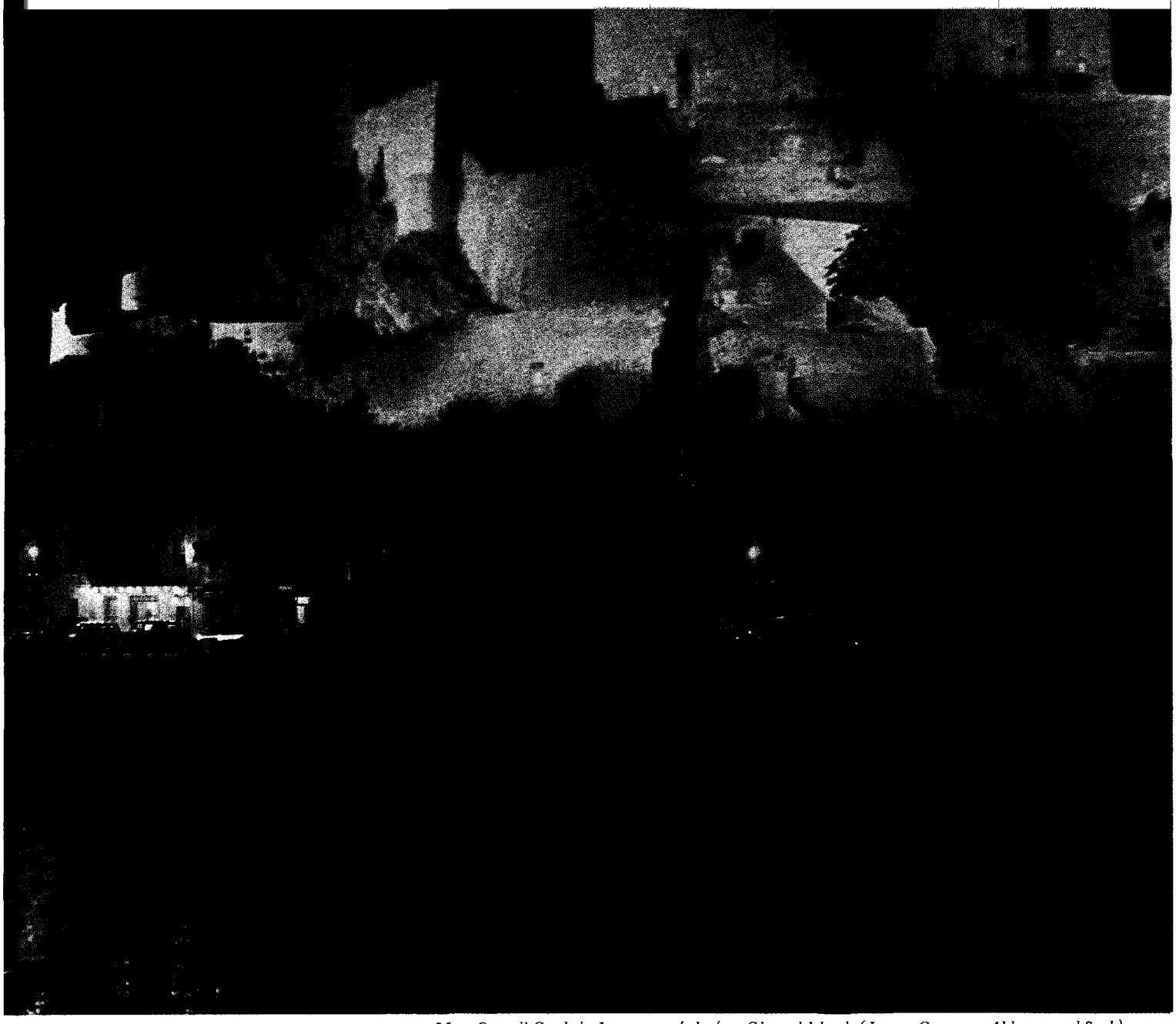

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